

## THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

### THE TENDENCIES OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

THE politics of YOUNG ENGLAND are not within the province of THE CRITIC. To such a Journal party should be a thing unknown. Philosophy, Literature, Art, and Science, are of no party; they belong to all factions equally; they appeal to all; they receive the homage of all; they lose their dignity and their charm when they descend to mingle with the strifes of politicians or sectaries, and put on the badge of any one fraction of mankind, the mighty interests of MAN being that with which alone they properly concern themselves.

In these pages, then, the reader must expect to find no more of the principles and policy of YOUNG ENGLAND than are expressed in those enlarged views which, existing apart from passing squabbles, may be termed its philosophy, so far as it is practically applicable to Literature, Art, and Science. To us it matters not what minister reigns, what party has a majority in Parliament, what legislative measures are proposed, what elections are won or lost. Our business is simply to work out to its results the principle we have endeavoured to describe, to prove its truth, and to recommend it to men's reason and affections, by such argument and illustration as opportunity may offer, or reflection and experience suggest.

It is necessary to repeat this explanation of the design of THE CRITIC, as the Literary Organ of YOUNG ENGLAND, because we find in many quarters considerable misunderstanding of our position. It appears, from divers communications which have reached us, that many persons suppose this Journal to be established to oppose the Government, or the Poor Law, or the Whigs, or the League. Let them be assured that none of these designs is entertained. THE CRITIC will neither support nor oppose any parties, or sects, or persons: there are enough of newspapers by whom these battles are fought. We have a loftier and more enduring object; with argument only for our weapon, we fight for principles, which are greater than sect or party. Let, then, no man avoid us, fearing to see here a foe to any idol he venerates, or assaults upon any order, or institution, or politics, or creed he loves. We trust THE CRITIC will at least never so bear itself as to offend the feelings of any reader, even if it should fail to secure his confidence.

We have already explicitly stated the principles acknowledged by YOUNG ENGLAND. We may now go one step further without trespassing beyond our boundary line. We may indicate the tendencies of YOUNG ENGLAND.

Its tendencies are undoubtedly Conservative, using that term strictly as a philosophical one, not as a party name;—that is to say, we desire the preservation rather than the destruction of existing institutions and the existing order of society. But not the less is YOUNG ENGLAND an ardent reformer of real evils, a zealous renovator of whatever has become enfeebled by time or perverted by neglect. He is no laggard behind his age, nor, as some imagine, does he contemplate a backward movement. True it is, that he looks with reverence to the past, but only as a great storehouse of experience, from which he may perchance take some hints that may

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help him in present straits. He does not condemn whatever is old, because it is old; on the contrary, he deems that respect is due to whatever has in its favour the fact of a recognized existence among men. Hence he is opposed to whatever is purely destructive; he is no ready-made system-monger, and he does not pretend to draw constitutions in his closet and then constrain society to their mould; he is content by degrees, as the need arises, to shape constitutions to society.

There is another tendency of YOUNG ENGLAND, which has been the theme of much misrepresentation. Let us not be ashamed to confess that he has a leaning towards piety. He is averse to the cold, sceptical, calculating philosophy which has reigned for some years past. True it is, that in the burst of reaction from the prevailing heartless, faithless unwisdom, many of the weaker minds of YOUNG ENGLAND have oscillated too far the other way, and substituted irrational credulity for the scepticism from which they had revolted, and so subjected their friends to the misrepresentation we have described. But while we deprecate retrogression in religion equally as in politics, we may not disguise our opinion that one of the most urgent of duties, in public writers and public men, is to foster a more diffused and more ardent spirit of piety than has prevailed of late years. YOUNG ENGLAND asserts that the religious feelings implanted by God in all hearts must be more cultivated, and the emotions, equally with the reason, enlisted in their service. We would call upon art and literature to lend their powerful aid to draw closer than they are the links by which man is bound to his Maker—religion in its strictest sense—and rich will be their reward; for where have they ever found such inspiration as when employed in the service of God?

We are quite conscious of the present unpopularity of these views. We are prepared for the resistance and ridicule that will be offered to any endeavour to diffuse among society a pure, simple, single-minded, unsectarian piety; but the success that has attended the anti-religious spirit of the *Athenæum*, and other journals, does not awe us from the attempt.

We believe that there are friends sharing these views sufficient to carry us through the first campaign. It will be hard indeed, if, amid the millions of this empire, there be not found support for a journal that stands single-handed against the able and powerful organ of a sceptical philosophy which has failed in practice. We do not despair of winning many to our views, if they be fully and maturely developed, and exhibited continually in their application to Philosophy, Art, and Literature; for the principles we boast are not exclusive or sectarian, but universal as man; wherever there is a human heart we know there is an echo that will answer to us, because we appeal to emotions that are part of our common nature.

We war not with reason, we do not disown political economy, we share the laugh with which some follies have been met that have been put forth under the name of YOUNG ENGLAND; we contend only against that which we believe to be the fundamental error of the creed that calls itself Utilitarian—its neglect of the sentiments as a part of the human creature; we assert that man has other faculties that require to be cultivated together with his reason; that nations have other objects to seek besides the increase of wealth; that our destiny is a problem not to be solved by political economy alone; that there are elements which come not within its calculations, and wanting which, though excellent and necessary, so far as it reaches, it is not sufficient of itself for human happiness or the supply of human wants. ADAM SMITH and MAC CULLOCH are admirable guides in all that concerns our material well-being; but there is more to be learned that their pages can teach, more to be done than they profess to compass. Wealth is a good thing—

a necessary thing—but it is not every thing; above and beyond it are objects that claim equally the regards of nations and of individuals—a MIND—a RELIGION—an ETERNITY!

## LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*The Dark Ages; being a series of Essays intended to illustrate the state of Religion and Literature in the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Centuries.* By the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, Librarian to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. London, 1844. Rivingtons.

In looking back on the course which civilization has as yet run, we find it to be distinctly divided into two periods, the one preceding, the other succeeding the fall of the Roman empire.

One feature, above all others, strikes us, in examining the state of society in the ancient world, and that is its perfect uniformity. Here we find no clashing and warring of those various contradictory elements which, in more modern times, are constantly disputing the preponderance one with another. If we look to Egypt or India we find theocracy *always* predominant; if to Asia Minor or Greece, we see democracy ever conspicuous. If, now and then, a feeble effort be made to oppose the reigning principle, instantly it is put down, and crushed in its very bud.

To this great simplicity in the social system may be traced the very rapid progress of Greek or Roman civilization, while its rapid decline may, we think, be, with equal justice, ascribed to the same cause.

If, on the other hand, we turn to modern Europe, we find a variety of principles opposed in their nature, striving for, and alternately obtaining, the mastery. A legacy of imperial Rome, we find the love of king and state, and the various habits of municipal bodies. A gift from on high, we see the Christian Church working both for the temporal and immortal welfare of her children, while the property of the barbarian conqueror, we perceive love of *personal* (as opposed to national) liberty first manifesting itself.

Out of these three opposite elements has modern civilization been formed.

At the fall of the Roman empire the barbarians were all-powerful, and the first form under which society presents itself—the *feudal* system—bears the stamp of their nature.

This it is not our object at present to discuss; the state of the Church during the period when she was predominant being the subject of our present remarks with reference to the very interesting work at the head of this article.

Let us, however, for an instant pause, and inquire what the feudal system did for the civilization of modern Europe?

It for the first time in the history of man asserted that *personal* liberty of the subject which, modified by succeeding institutions, we still consider our dearest birthright. It also, for the first time in the world's history, assigned to woman the situation which she now holds at our domestic hearth, and to which we owe the purest of our earth-born joys. In the baronial castle she, from being the slave, became, for the first time, the centre of home; from being the servant, she became the companion and sweet counsellor of the lord. Poetry too, the long-hushed muse, relifted her voice again within "my ladies bower," while chivalry, with all its graces and all its ennobling virtues, sprang out of the ruins of the feudal system.

Just before the fall of the Roman empire the Church conceived that she had, after long suffering, arrived at that period of her history so gloriously portrayed in Holy Writ, "when the kingdoms of this world had become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Church."

Without, the heathen were converted, and the head of the world, the Roman Emperor, acknowledged her sway, while within, the Arian heresy had been suppressed. When, however, the empire fell, she found herself face to face with its barbarian conquerors who threatened her very existence. The ties that bound her to imperial Rome being thus rudely severed, and her territory occupied by a heathen race, she had anew to begin the work given her to do. Her first attempt was to convert her heathen conquerors, and by increasing her ceremonies to captivate their wild fancy; and her next, to re-

store between them and her the relations which she had maintained with imperial Rome. In this, as we know, she was unsuccessful, and had recourse, in order to retain her predominance, to the assumption of complete control in things spiritual, and to the institution of the monastic system, and through these means retained, during the so called *dark ages*, that preponderance in the social scale which she inherited at the fall of the feudal system.

To those interested in the state of religion and literature during this period, *i. e.* from the ninth to the twelfth centuries inclusive, Mr. MAITLAND's book must prove a very great acquisition. He evinces a thorough knowledge of his theme in treating the numerous divisions of such a comprehensive subject. Unluckily for the purpose of the Reviewer, the work consists of disjointed articles, formerly published in the *British Magazine*, each so complete in itself, and so crowded with information, as to render extracts nearly impracticable, and to oblige us to advise all who may wish to obtain a clear view of the state of religion and learning during the *dark ages*, to read Mr. MAITLAND's work, and right thankful will they be who follow our advice.

On Mr. MAITLAND we would fain urge the duty he owes to his readers, to whom he has given a peep into the dark ages, of providing a detailed treatise on the religion and learning of the period which would for ever obtain for him a place in our standard literature equal to his merits, and above that which a series of disjointed essays can ever claim.

And in conclusion let us transcribe an interesting page from his preface:—

It is quite impossible to touch the subject of *Monasticism* without rubbing off some of the dirt which has been heaped upon it. It is impossible to get even a superficial knowledge of the mediæval history of Europe, without seeing how greatly the world of that period was indebted to the *monastic orders*; and feeling that, whether they were good or bad in other matters, monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over the bleak hills and barren downs, and marshy plains, and deal its bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs for the learning which was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute—as the nucleus of the city which, in after-days of pride, should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral.

This, I think, no man can deny. I believe it is true, and I love to think of it. I hope that I see the good hand of God in it, and the visible trace of his mercy that is over all his works. But if it is only a dream, I shall be glad to awaken from it; not indeed by the yielding of illiterate agitators, but by a quiet and sober proof that I have misunderstood the matter. In the meantime let me thankfully believe that thousands of the persons at whom Robertson and Tortin, and other such very miserable second-hand writers, have sneered at, were men of enlarged minds, purified affections, and holy lives; that they were justly revered by men; and, above all, favourably accepted by God, and distinguished by the highest honour which He vouchsafes to those whom He has called into existence, that of being the channels of his love and mercy to their fellow-creatures."—(Preface, p. iv. v.)

C. L. R.

*A History of England, from the first Invasion of the Romans to the commencement of the Reign of William the Third.* By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. *A New Edition, corrected and considerably enlarged.* Vols. I. to VIII. London, Dolman.

A HISTORY that has received the unanimous approbation of the highest critical authorities of Europe—which, written by a Roman Catholic divine, is accepted with confidence and respect by Protestants of all sects; whose impartiality is so universally acknowledged that it is admitted as an arbitrator in questions of doubt; a work which, though the production of a partizan, is equally appealed to by every party, needs no new description or recommendation. Its fame must be known to all the readers of THE CRITIC; by many of them it must have been studied with delight and profit; and they who have not yet enjoyed the opportunity of making acquaintance with it, de-

barred from its instructive pages by the great cost of all the editions hitherto published, must be anxious to learn how the gratification of a perusal can be procured.

It is with much pleasure, then, that we introduce to our readers this new edition of Dr. LINGARD's *History*, published purposely to meet the demand of the very large circle to whom the library editions were as sealed books. The text has been considerably extended by the addition of new matter; the volumes are of pleasant size for reading, beautifully printed, and adorned with engraved vignettes. The price is very trifling, indeed so trifling that no library need now be without this valuable accession to its treasures. Eight volumes are already published; the remainder we shall have occasion to notice as they appear.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*The Individuality of the Individual.* A Lecture, by WILLIAM MACCALL, author of "The Doctrine of Individuality," "The Agents of Civilization," &c. London, Chapman, Newgate-street.

RARELY, perhaps never, have we seen so small a book containing such comprehensive thoughts. Mr. MACCALL does not think in leading strings, neither does he borrow the mannerisms of composition; in truth he is the embodiment of his own idea, and hence the individuality of his writings. He would teach man self-reliance, that he has a distinctive character. In this YOUNG ENGLAND will readily concur. We remember what an American writer has finely said on the subject: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as the Reformation of LUTHER; Quakerism of FOX; Methodism of WESLEY; Abolition of CLARKSON."

This lecture will teach, not so much what is unlearned, as that which, having been learned, is partially forgotten. It is no wonder that the individual is overlooked in the large congregations of men. In politics, as in all present movements, *party* is the only power acknowledged; but the individual is not less active, not less effective. Genius is always individual, as that of MICHAELANGELO, SHAKESPEARE, and SCOTT. There is not a national individuality, but, apart from country, the individuality of *mind*. Lesser spirits possess it in a corresponding degree. We believe that what is called the eccentricity of a man is but the untrained working of his individuality. Mr. MACCALL would educate the individuality that it may yield its full fruits for the benefit of the race. He denounces the plan of educating all children alike. He says:—

The imaginative child, if educated according to his distinctive nature, would help to correct the exaggeration and to soften the angularity of the logical child, and to throw around the sensitive child ideal visions—which would hinder him from dwelling with anguish on every exhibition of distress; and the sensitive child, if educated according to his distinctive nature, would teach the imaginative child not to dwell in imagination as a mere selfish luxury, but to shed its colours as a benignity on the rugged realities of others, to whom the reality is too real, and would teach the logical child how vain is logic without feeling, and that doubt was only given by God in order to conduct to faith; and the logical child, if educated according to his distinctive nature, would teach the imaginative child that all fancy is but the brilliant shadow of truth, and would teach the sensitive child that the sensibility that is not healthy, not in harmony with the other powers, is useless to the world, in proportion as it is a torture to itself.

We have said enough of this little pamphlet to recommend it, which we do, not so much for its novelty, as for its truth; not so much that it is conceived with the elegance of a poet, as that it is expressed with the honesty of a man.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury.* Edited by his Grandson. Vol. III. and IV. Bentley, 1845.

A CRITICAL sketch of the contents of the two first volumes of this valuable contribution to the mass of memoranda for history already accumulated in this country has appeared in a former number of THE CRITIC. The opinions then expressed are equally applicable to these concluding volumes. But their

contents are of more exciting interest, as bearing more immediately upon events with which many of us were contemporaries.

The third volume opens with LORD MALMESBURY's diplomatic contrivances to prevent Prussia from slipping from the allies, and making common cause with revolutionary France. But his efforts were unsuccessful for divers reasons that peep out in the correspondence, the most prominent of which were a certain sympathy between the ideas of the German people and the liberal doctrines proclaimed by the French, and a sort of national hostility to the Austrians which forbade a cordial alliance. Then follow the negotiations with the French Directory in 1796, which satisfactorily contradict the current opinion that PITT was resolved upon war, and only proposed peace that he might charge the aggression upon the other side. It is apparent from every line of these memoirs that the English minister was sincere in his advances. Not so his colleague, LORD GRENVILLE, who was bent upon fighting. CANNING, too, appears on the stage, and even thus early gives indications of his genius, and proves himself to be a *sensible* man wherever he is revealed to us. The interviews between the Deputies and the British ambassador are extremely interesting, and throw much light upon the characters of the negotiators, and the hidden machinery by which the business of nations was moved.

But to the general reader the most attractive portion of the *Diaries* will be that which relates to the negotiations conducted by LORD MALMESBURY for the union of CAROLINE of Brunswick with the Prince of WALES, a marriage, the unhappy result of which might almost have been anticipated from the manner in which the diplomatist records his opinion of the bride elect. The minuteness with which the story is told adds mightily to its charm, for it is with an amusing *naïveté* that the man of business formally records his vicarious love-making, his duenna guardianship of the young lady when committed to his charge, how he reproves her faults, lectures her upon dress and behaviour, and so forth.

On reaching Brunswick, charged with his important mission, he was immediately introduced to the Princess, and these were his first impressions—not very promising, it must be confessed:—

The Princess Caroline (Princess of Wales) much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows, good bust—short, with what the French call "des épaules imperitinentes." *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*

A dinner at the Duchess Dowager's improved his acquaintance with but not his estimate of her.

Dinner at the Duchess Dowager's—great anxiety and curiosity to know whether my messenger brought me my full powers, and great disappointment at hearing he had not. I took an opportunity of mentioning to the Duke that I wished to speak with him, and he appointed me at my own house the following day—Duchess very inquisitive—against his taking the command, not for his going to Holland—said she knew his refusal had hurt the Prince very much—she talked of Edward, Duke of York as her favourite brother—said she recollected he liked my father—praised the Duke of Gloucester—abused the Queen, who, she said, was an envious and intriguing spirit—told several anecdotes to this effect on her first coming over—that she disliked her mother (the Princess of Wales) and herself—was extremely jealous of them—took an opportunity while the Princess of Wales was dying to alter the rank of her ladies of the bedchamber—King very good, but not liable to deep impressions—talked slightly of the Duke of York—said he behaved badly here to his Duchess—I defended him—she reprobated his conduct at Hanover, and particularly that towards his old flame, Madame de \* \* \*, to whom, on his return to England with the Duchess, he did not speak—the Duchess of York, she said, behaved vastly well on this occasion. She then got on the marriage of her daughter—acquainted me with all the injunctions and advice she had given her, which were very excellent—declared her own intention of never coming to England—that she was sure she should be uncomfortable there, and give rise to all sorts of jealousy and suspicion—said she had had enough of that—praised exceedingly her daughter-in-law, the hereditary Princess, and admired particularly her behaviour to her son—"Had I married such a man as Charles," she said, "I never could have behaved so." Abused the Landgrave of Hesse and her sisters, the Duchess of Wurtemberg, and Princess of Wurtemberg—told me that the Landgrave was once thought of for the King, but that her con-



duct was so doubtful that nobody could take upon them to recommend her—all the young German princesses, she said, had learnt English in hopes of being Princess of Wales—she never would give the idea to Caroline, and she never thought it could happen, as the King had often expressed his dislike to the marriage of cousins-german. Nothing could be so open, so frank, and so unreserved, as her manner, nor so perfectly good-natured and unaffected. Of the King, her brother, she said, he loved her very much, as well as he could love anybody, but that twenty years absence, and thirty years living with the Queen, had made him forget her—yet he was very kind indeed on the present occasion.

The Duke of Brunswick confirmed his first opinion. He was very candid in his admissions.

He (the Duke) entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much, or too little. He also touched on the Queen's character, with which he is perfectly acquainted. He was rather severe on the Duchess of York—he never mentioned the King. He said of his daughter, "*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*" The Duke requested me to recommend to her discretion not to ask questions, and, above all, not to be free in giving opinions of persons and things aloud; and he hinted delicately, but very pointedly, at the free and unreserved manners of the Duchess, who at times is certainly apt to forget her audience. He desired me to advise her never to shew any jealousy of the Prince; and that if he had any *goûts* not to notice them. He said he had written her all this in German, but that enforced by me it would come with double effect.

Then he had a private interview with the Princess herself, which is thus narrated:—

She asked me about Lady Jersey—appeared to suppose her an *intrigante*, but not to know of any partiality or connexion between her and the Prince. I said that in regard to Lady Jersey, she and all her other ladies would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them; that I humbly advised that this should not be familiar or too easy, but that it might be affable without forgetting she was Princess of Wales; that she should never listen to them whenever they attempted anything like a *commerage*, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended too much reserve; that probably I thought her too prone *à se livrer*. I made a bow. She said, "Tell me freely." I said, "I did;" that it was an amiable quality, but one which could not in her high situation be given way to without great risk; that as to popularity, it never was obtained by familiarity; that it could only belong to respect, and was to be acquired by a just mixture of dignity and affability: I quoted the Queen as a model in this respect. The Princess said she was afraid of the Queen—she was sure she would be jealous of her and do her harm. I replied, that, for this reason, it was of the last consequence to be attentive towards her, to be always on her guard, never to fail in any exterior mark of respect towards her, or to let drop an inconsiderate word before her. She took all this in good part, and desired me to continue to be her *mentor* after she got to England, as well as now. She said of her own accord, "I am determined never to appear jealous. I know the Prince is *légèr*, and am prepared on this point." I said I did not believe she would have any occasion to exercise this very wise resolution, which I commended highly, and entreated her, if she saw any symptoms of a *goût* in the Prince, or if any of the women about her should, under the love of fishing in troubled waters, endeavour to excite a jealousy in her mind, on no account to allow it to manifest itself, that reproaches and sourness never reclaimed anybody; that it only served as an advantageous contrast to the contrary qualities in the rival; and that the surest way of recovering a tottering affection was softness, enduring, and caresses; that I knew enough of the Prince to be quite sure he could not withstand such a conduct, while a contrary one would *probably* make him disagreeable and peevish, and certainly force him to be false and dissembling.

Some more of these gossiping dialogues may amuse the reader:—

She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said, Thursday and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine service on that day. "Does the Prince go to church?" she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. "But if he does not like it?" Why then your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly

and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church." The Princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said that it was, in fact a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to every thing that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory. \* \* At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester. I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York, and it struck me to day, for the first time, that he originally put her into the Prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom he hates, and whom the Prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the Duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behaviour of the Duchess, who by her discretion and conduct has conciliated to herself the good-will of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same. She has no *fonds*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well and well disposed, and my eternal theme to her is, *to think before she speaks, to recollect herself*. She says she wishes to be loved by the people; this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and rare—that the sentiment of being loved by the people is a mistaken one—that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day—that a nation at large can only respect and honour a great Princess, and it is, in fact, these feelings that are falsely denominated the *love of a nation*.

And again:

After dinner Duke takes me aside, and enters into conversation about his daughter—begs me to continue to advise her—that she listens to me, and thanks me for the freedom and sincerity of my advice—desires me to correspond with him—great concert and supper—cassino with Princess and Duchess. At supper Princess unusually at her ease, quite *un laisser aller*—asks me (ushering it in with an apology) which I think would make the best Princess of Wales, herself, or her sister-in-law, the hereditary Princess. I avoid the answer by saying which I was sure would be the Prince's choice. She presses me further; I said, she possesses by nature what the Hereditary Princess has not, or ever can acquire,—beauty and grace, and that all the essential qualities the Hereditary Princess has, she may attain—prudence, discretion, attention, and *tact*. "Do I want them?" "You cannot have too much of them." "How comes my sister-in-law, who is younger than myself, to have them more than I?" "Because at a very early period of her life, her family was in danger—she was brought up to exertion of the mind, and she now derives the benefit, "*d'avoir mangé son pain bis le premier.*" "I shall never learn this; I am too open, too idle (*trop légère*)."  
"When you are in a different situation, you will; you do not want these forbearing virtues here—only *commune with yourself*, question *yourself*, and you will always act up to your situation." This was well taken, though I expressed myself strongly, and with more freedom than usual. She talked of her aunt, the Abbess—said she had endeavoured to inspire her with a diffidence and mistrust of me—had represented me as *un homme dangereux*. I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the Princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very *foolishly* unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she perhaps thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid of her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits, and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me.

The Ambassador's instructions for the toilette mark the man of the world. But the necessity for such advice under such circumstances is proof that the fastidiousness of the Prince was not shocked without cause.

Argument with the Princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick; I disapprove this. She maintains her point. I, however, desire Madame Busche to explain to her that the Prince is very delicate, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propreté*; of which she has no idea. On the contrary, she neglects it sadly, and is offensive from this neglect. Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the Princess comes out the next day well washed all over.

I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline. One on the toilette, on cleanliness, and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavoured, as far as was possible for a *man*, to



inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings; and these never well washed or changed often enough.) I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a "short" one. What I could not say myself on this point I got said through women: through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it. My other conversation was on the Princess's speaking slightly of the Duchess; being peevish towards her, and often laughing at her or about her. On this point I talked *very seriously* indeed—and said that nothing was so extremely improper, so *radically wrong*; that it was impossible, if she reflected a moment, that she should not be sorry for every thing of the kind which escaped; and I assured her it was the more improper from the tender affection the Duchess had for her. The Princess felt all this, and it made a temporary impression; but in this case as on all other subjects, I have had but too many opportunities to observe that her heart is very, *very* light, unsusceptible of strong or lasting feelings. In some respects this may make her happier, but certainly not better. I, however, must say, that, on the idea being suggested to her by her father that I should remain on business in Germany, and not be allowed to attend her to England, she was most extremely afflicted, even to tears, and spoke to me with a kindness and feeling I was highly gratified to find in her.

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duct was so doubtful that nobody could take upon them to recommend her—all the young German princesses, she said, had learnt English in hopes of being Princess of Wales—she never would give the idea to Caroline, and she never thought it could happen, as the King had often expressed his dislike to the marriage of cousins-german. Nothing could be so open, so frank, and so unreserved, as her manner, nor so perfectly good-natured and unaffected. Of the King, her brother, she said, he loved her very much, as well as he could love anybody, but that twenty years absence, and thirty years living with the Queen, had made him forget her—yet he was very kind indeed on the present occasion.

The Duke of Brunswick confirmed his first opinion. He was very candid in his admissions.

He (the Duke) entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much, or too little. He also touched on the Queen's character, with which he is perfectly acquainted. He was rather severe on the Duchess of York—he never mentioned the King. He said of his daughter, "*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*" The Duke requested me to recommend to her discretion not to ask questions, and, above all, not to be free in giving opinions of persons and things aloud; and he hinted delicately, but very pointedly, at the free and unreserved manners of the Duchess, who at times is certainly apt to forget her audience. He desired me to advise her never to shew any jealousy of the Prince; and that if he had any *goûts* not to notice them. He said he had written her all this in German, but that enforced by me it would come with double effect.

Then he had a private interview with the Princess herself, which is thus narrated:—

She asked me about Lady Jersey—appeared to suppose her an *intrigante*, but not to know of any partiality or connexion between her and the Prince. I said that in regard to Lady Jersey, she and all her other ladies would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them; that I humbly advised that this should not be familiar or too easy, but that it might be affable without forgetting she was Princess of Wales; that she should never listen to them whenever they attempted anything like a *commerage*, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended too much reserve; that probably I thought her too prone *à se lier*. I made a bow. She said, "Tell me freely." I said, "I did;" that it was an amiable quality, but one which could not in her high situation be given way to without great risk; that as to popularity, it never was obtained by *familiarity*; that it could only belong to respect, and was to be acquired by a just mixture of dignity and affability: I quoted the Queen as a model in this respect. The Princess said she was afraid of the Queen—she was sure she would be jealous of her and do her harm. I replied, that, for this reason, it was of the last consequence to be attentive towards her, to be always on her guard, never to fail in any exterior mark of respect towards her, or to let drop an inconsiderate word before her. She took all this in good part, and desired me to continue to be her *mentor* after she got to England, as well as now. She said of her own accord, "I am determined never to appear jealous. I know the Prince is *léger*, and am prepared on this point." I said I did not believe she would have any occasion to exercise this very wise resolution, which I commended highly, and entreated her, if she saw any symptoms of a *goût* in the Prince, or if any of the women about her should, under the love of fishing in troubled waters, endeavour to excite a jealousy in her mind, on no account to allow it to manifest itself, that reproaches and sourness never reclaimed anybody; that it only served as an advantageous contrast to the contrary qualities in the rival; and that the surest way of recovering a tottering affection was softness, enduring, and caresses; that I knew enough of the Prince to be quite sure he could not withstand such a conduct, while a contrary one would *probably* make him disagreeable and peevish, and certainly force him to be false and dissembling.

Some more of these gossiping dialogues may amuse the reader:—

She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said, Thursday and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine service on that day. "Does the Prince go to church?" she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. "But if he does not like it?" Why then your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly

and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church." The Princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said that it was, in fact a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to every thing that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory. \* \* At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester. I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York, and it struck me to day, for the first time, that he originally put her into the Prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom she hates, and whom the Prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the Duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behaviour of the Duchess, who by her discretion and conduct has conciliated to herself the good-will of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same. She has no *fonds*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well and well-disposed, and my eternal theme to her is, *to think before she speaks, to recollect herself*. She says she wishes to be loved by the people; this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and *rare*—that the sentiment of being loved by the people is a mistaken one—that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day—that a nation at large can only respect and honour a great Princess, and it is, in fact, these feelings that are falsely denominated *the love of a nation*.

And again:

After dinner Duke takes me aside, and enters into conversation about his daughter—begs me to continue to advise her—that she listens to me, and thanks me for the freedom and sincerity of my advice—desires me to correspond with him—great concert and supper—cassino with Princess and Duchess. At supper Princess unusually at her ease, quite *un laisser aller*—asks me (ushering it in with an apology) which I think would make the best Princess of Wales, herself, or her sister-in-law, the hereditary Princess. I avoid the answer by saying which I was sure would be the Prince's choice. She presses me further; I said, she possesses by nature what the Hereditary Princess has not, or ever can acquire,—beauty and grace, and that all the essential qualities the Hereditary Princess has, she may attain—prudence, discretion, attention, and *tact*. "Do I want them?" "You cannot have too much of them." "How comes my sister-in-law, who is younger than myself, to have them more than I?" "Because at a very early period of her life, her family was in danger—she was brought up to exertion of the mind, and she now derives the benefit, *'d'avoir mangé son pain bis le premier.'*" "I shall never learn this; I am too open, too idle (*trop légère*)."

"When you are in a different situation, you will; you do not want these forbearing virtues here—only *commune with yourself*, question *yourself*, and you will always act up to your situation." This was well taken, though I expressed myself strongly, and with more freedom than usual. She talked of her aunt, the Abbess—said she had endeavoured to inspire her with a diffidence and mistrust of me—had represented me as *un homme dangereux*. I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the Princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very foolishly unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she perhaps thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid of her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits, and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me.

The Ambassador's instructions for the toilette mark the man of the world. But the necessity for such advice under such circumstances is proof that the fastidiousness of the Prince was not shocked without cause.

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took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would from high spirits and little thought certainly emancipate too much. To this the Prince said, "I see but too plainly: but why, Harris, did you not tell me this before, or write it to me from Brunswick?" I replied, that I did not consider what the Duke (a severe father himself towards his children) said of sufficient consequence.

This was not a valid excuse. In a matter of such moment to personal happiness, MALMESBURY was bound to inform the Prince at all hazards his convictions of the unfitness of the Princess to make him happy. He might have spared both of them, and his country too, much misery by a little more candour.

The latter portion of the Earl's life was spent at home, but not in retirement. Though taking no direct part in public business, his long experience, good sense, and agreeable manners made him the centre of a circle of politicians, and he was resorted to by all parties in difficulty for his advice or mediation. To the last he maintained his habit of carefully recording the occurrences of the day, and his impressions of men and events, which his position enabled him to read more accurately than any personage of his time. Hence this latter portion of his diary is extremely rich in the sketches of characters and curious anecdote from which an entire number of THE CRITIC might be gleaned without exhausting the store of good things that deserve extract. We can but select a few almost at haphazard, and close the work with a hearty recommendation of it to every book club and library, private as well as public. It is one of the few good books the season has produced.

It would appear that GEORGE the THIRD attributed his madness to PITT's pressing him on the Catholic question:—

The King, in directing Willis to speak or write to Pitt, said, "Tell him I am now quite well, QUITE recovered from my illness: but what has he not to answer for, who is the cause of my having been ill at all?" This, on being repeated, affected Pitt so deeply that it immediately produced the letter mentioned above, and brought from him the declaration of his readiness to give way on the Catholic question.

The King, on Monday, after having remained many hours without speaking, at last, towards the evening, came to himself, and said, "I am better now; but I will remain true to the Church." This leaves little doubt as to the idea uppermost in his mind; and the physicians do not scruple to say, that although his Majesty certainly had a bad cold, and would under all circumstances have been ill, yet that the hurry and vexation of all that has passed was the cause of his mental illness; which, if it had shewn itself at all, would certainly not have declared itself so violently, or been of a nature to cause any alarm, had not these events taken place. Just as the King was taken ill in 1788, he said, after the last levee he held in the closet, to Lord Thurlow and the Duke of Leeds, on the first advising him to take care of himself and return to Windsor, "You, then, too, my Lord Thurlow, forsake me, and suppose me ill beyond recovery: but, whatever you and Mr. Pitt may think or feel, I, that am born a gentleman, shall never lay my head on my last pillow in peace and quiet as long as I remember the loss of my American colonies." I had this fact from the Duke of Leeds, who was present; and it describes precisely the state of the King's mind at that moment, as does what he said on Monday—"I will remain true to the Church,"—shew, beyond a question, the object uppermost in it now, and the goad in each case of his delirium.

Here is an anecdote of Lord ELDON:—

The Chancellor, Lord Eldon, had mentioned to the Prince the Princess of Wales, and the hopes her dignity and comfort would be attended to. The Prince's reply was, "He was not the sort of person who let his hair grow under his wig to please his wife." On which the Chancellor respectfully but firmly said, "*Your Royal Highness condescends to become personal—I beg leave to withdraw*;" and accordingly bowed very low and retired. The Prince, alarmed at this, could find no other way of extricating himself than by causing a note to be written the next day to Lord Eldon, to say that the phrase he made use of was nothing personal, but simply a proverb—a proverbial way of saying a man was governed by his wife. Very absurd of Lord Eldon, but explained by his having literally done what the Prince said.

A note book of Lord FITZHARRIS, the Earl's eldest son, thus describes the effect upon PITT of the news of the battle of Trafalgar:—

On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November 1805) I happened to dine with Pitt,

and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings, when roused in the night to read Collingwood's despatches. Pitt observed, that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that whether good or bad he could always lay his head on his pillow, and sink into sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning.

*The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson; with Notes.* By Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, G. C. M. G. Vol. I. 1844. Colburn.

THIS work will be a nobler and more enduring NELSON monument than the tall chimney in Trafalgar-square, upon which his statue stands in the attitude of a desponding sweep contemplating suicide, by throwing himself upon the heads of the passers below. It is not that any thing we can now learn about NELSON can add to his renown. His fame is interwoven with that of his country; but every new revelation, if it may not more exalt the hero in our esteem, more and more recommends the man to our regard. History and official despatches have established his fame as a sailor; the revelations of his private life, his feelings and thoughts, as expressed in his correspondence with his family and friends, were alone wanting to endear him to us as a man.

It is not uncommon for great men to command admiration without attracting to themselves the slightest personal regard or sympathy. We need not look beyond our own time to be satisfied of this. With such, the heart is too small for the head; they have thoughts which lesser intellects cannot follow, and therefore cannot share, and habitually engaged in thinking, rather than in feeling, they, in their turn, cannot share the emotions of those who are more governed by feeling than by thought. Sympathy is necessary to love, and there is no sympathy of the intellect, but only of the emotions and passions.

If so this be, we have the key to the very remarkable personal regard which NELSON succeeded in securing among his countrymen, which died not with him, but still clings to his memory, linking his name and fame with those household associations upon whose images we ever dwell with sad and sober pleasure.

And something also is due to the truly English character of NELSON. He was all over a Briton, and, above all, the *beau idéal*, the impersonation, of the British sailor—with the dauntless courage, the generosity, the kind heart, and some of the weaknesses, too, of that peculiar breed of Englishmen.

It may be expected that the correspondence of such a man, inasmuch as it must reveal to the world his most secret and veritable feelings and opinions, thrown off as they arose, without being weighed by caution, will help to link him, if possible, more closely to the national heart, and be received with an eager welcome, not merely as gratifying a natural curiosity to learn all that can be known about one who fills so large a space in our annals, but as a study of humanity, through which may possibly be discovered the animal magnetism by which one heart attracts and another repels the affections of all other hearts to whom it is known in person or by report.

The life of NELSON has been so often and so ably written, its leading events must be so familiar to our readers, that we are not about to trace even an outline of it here. From this volume we shall only take as we go along such passages as may appear to deserve the special attention of our readers.

The range of time to which the first volume is devoted extends from 1777, when, at the age of eighteen, he was appointed to the *Lowestoffe*, to 1794, when Corsica was taken. The interval comprises a stirring

period, and presents his descriptions, always vigorous and graphic, if not very graceful, of his own adventures in the American War, upon the West Indian Station, and at the sieges of Calvi and Bastia.

Sir H. NICOLAS has been materially aided in his labours by the stores of many private collections that were liberally opened to him. Among these were the *Nelson Papers*, belonging to Lord BRIDPORT; his correspondence with Admiral Lord HOOD, known by the name of the *Hood Papers* and the *Locker Papers*, a series of letters to Captain LOCKER, who was Governor of Greenwich Hospital. In addition to these collections, the editor has been largely supplied with stray letters cherished by friends and the descendants of friends as among their treasures. But though the editor found most persons ready to aid him, it seems that a few were mean enough to refuse, probably hoping to make a market of their possessions. If so, we are glad they were disappointed, and that Sir H. NICOLAS has contrived to do without them.

The editor informs us in his preface that he has adopted a rule which never should be violated. He has altered nothing, even for the sake of grammar. He may commendably have omitted any thing that appeared to be confidential, or which was unfit for the public eye, but he feels that he would have had no right to send that forth to the world as NELSON'S which was not NELSON'S, and it would be well if all future editors of correspondence would follow the example. On this subject he observes in his preface—

"This collection of Nelson's letters will consequently be the most genuine and truthful portrait of a public character that the world has ever seen. In most cases an editor or biographer selects only such letters, or relates such facts, as place his hero advantageously before the world; and upon that plan, with the suppression of every unfavourable passage in the letters that do appear (and, perhaps, too, without the least intimation that anything is omitted), every man can be made to represent himself as if there had not been one speck of human frailty in his nature. But though pure gold may be the apparent result of this literary alchemy, truth wholly evaporates in the process; and if the secrets of the laboratory be ever exposed, the artist and his subject equally become objects of contempt.

With every allowance for the motives of such suppressions, nothing, however, can possibly justify the system of Charnock, Clarke, and M<sup>r</sup> Arthur, and apparently of many other editors, in having subjected what purports to be copies or extracts, to a refining process of their own, by which the text is so changed, that while the reader imagines he is perusing what Nelson, or the party in question, actually wrote, he is in fact indulged with an improved and very different version of their letters. The plan of the present publication is, it is believed, not only more satisfactory in itself, but it is consistent with the bold, uncompromising, natural character of Nelson. He now appears before his countrymen in his writings as he himself did in his lifetime, without concealment or disguise; and they will find in these letters his own generous and impetuous spirit, free from the alloy of editorial adulteration or editorial squeamishness.

NELSON'S kindness of heart exhibits itself everywhere. Scarcely can a page of his correspondence be opened without some evidence of his affectionate disposition. Habitually he treated all under his command, down to the very powder-monkey, as his children, and they had for him a love as for a father. In a private letter to his brother, speaking of his midshipmen, he calls them by the very name—"all my children are well," he says. A letter from Lady HUGHES, describing a scene on board the *Boreas*, in which she was a passenger, is beautiful.

#### NELSON AND HIS MIDDY'S.

I was too much affected when we met at Bath to say every particular in which was always displayed the infinite cleverness and goodness of heart of our dearly beloved hero. As a woman, I can only be a judge of those things that I could comprehend—such as his attention to the young gentlemen who had the happiness of being on his quarter-deck. It may reasonably be supposed that among the number of thirty, there must be timid as well as bold; the timid he never rebuked, but always wished to shew them he desired nothing of them that he would not in-

stantly do himself: and I have known him say—"Well, Sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg I may meet you there." No denial could be given to such a wish, and the poor fellow instantly began his march. His lordship never took the least notice with what alacrity it was done, but when he met in the top, instantly began speaking in the most cheerful manner, and saying how much a person was to be pitied that could fancy there was any danger, or even any thing disagreeable, in the attempt. After this excellent example, I have seen the timid youth lead another, and rehearse his captain's words. How wise and kind was such a proceeding! In like manner, he every day went into the school room, and saw them do their nautical business, and at twelve o'clock he was first upon deck with his quadrant. No one there could be behind-hand in their business when their Captain set them so good an example. One other circumstance I must mention which will close the subject, which was the day we landed at Barbadoes. We were to dine at the Governor's. Our dear Captain said, "You must permit me Lady Hughes, to carry one of my aides-de-camp with me;" and when he presented him to the Governor, he said, "Your Excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midshipmen, as I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea." This kindness and attention made the young people adore him; and even his wishes, could they have been known, would have been instantly complied with. It was your wish, Sir, to have the above particulars: an abler pen might have described them better; but I hope my simple narration may, in a faint degree, describe his lordship's excellent manner of making his young men fancy the attaining nautical perfection was much more a play than a task. Who is there but must allow these methods to be dictated by great skill, as well as great goodness of heart that never caused a fear or disgust to any one? How sincerely is such a loss to be lamented! But we have nothing to say, but—"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

And thus he notifies to a parent the death of a beloved son. The letter is a very gem. It was addressed to a person in the poorer classes.

May or June, 1794.

From the nature of our profession we hold life by a more precarious tenure than many others, but when we fall we trust it is to benefit our country. So fell your son by a cannon-ball under my immediate command at the siege of Bastia. I had taken him on shore with me, from his abilities and attention to his duty.

Such regard for the feelings of others it was that endeared him first to his friends, then, by report, to his country.

His high-minded independence, together with some other of his virtues, are exhibited in a letter written very early in his career:—

How vain are human expectations. I was in hopes to have remained quiet all this week; but to-day we dine with Sir Thomas; to-morrow the Prince has a party; on Wednesday he gives a dinner at St. John's to the regiment; in the evening is a Mulla ball; on Thursday a cock-fight, and we dine at Colonel Crosbie's brother's, and a ball; on Friday somewhere, I forget; on Saturday at Mr. Byam's, the President. If we get well through all this, I shall be fit for any thing; but I hope most sincerely the Commodore will arrive before the whole is carried into execution: in many instances it is better to serve than to command, and this is one of them. If the Commodore does not come down and relieve me, I think it likely we shall remain here all this month at least; for the ship's company of the *Pegasus* are sick, and I cannot with propriety leave his Royal Highness by himself.

Should Sir Richard Bickerton come down, and I think he must be at Barbadoes, and send me to Nevis, I will bless him; yet I would sooner die than ask any favour. If he is polite, he will do it without; if not, he would perhaps refuse me with asking, and I should not like the mortification. What is it to wait on Princes? Let me attend on you, and I am satisfied. Some are born for attendants on great men: I rather think that it is not my particular province. His Royal Highness often tells me he believes I am married; for he never saw a lover so easy, or say so little of the object he has a regard for. When I tell him I certainly am not, he says, "Then he is sure I must have a great esteem for you, and that it is not what is (vulgarily), I do not much like the use of that word, called love." He is right. My love is founded on esteem, the only foundation that can make the passion last. I need not tell you what you so well know, that I wish I had a fortune to settle on you; but I trust I have a good name, and that certain events will bring the other thing about: it is my misfortune, not my fault. You can marry me only from

a sincere affection; therefore I ought to make you a good husband, and I hope it will turn out that I shall. You are never absent from my mind in any place or company. I never wished for riches but to give them to you; and my small share shall be yours to the extreme. A happy new year, and that many may attend you is the most fervent wish of your affectionate

HORATIO NELSON.

While on the West Indian station a quarrel occurred between the late king (then Prince WILLIAM HENRY) and his lieutenant, Mr. SCHOMBERG. The former had rebuked the latter in a manner he considered undeserved, and the affair was referred to NELSON, who, after a long correspondence, in which his good sense and kindness are conspicuously displayed, succeeded in settling it. At its close, he addressed the following high-toned letter to the Prince, whose conduct he could not quite approve:—

Portsmouth, 27th July, 1787.

If to be truly great is to be truly good (as we are taught to believe,) it never was stronger verified than in your Royal Highness, in the instance of Mr. Schomberg. You have supported your character, yet, at the same time, by an amiable condescension, have saved an officer from appearing before a Court-Martial, which ever must hurt him. Resentment I know your Royal Highness never had, or I am sure ever will bear any one: it is a passion incompatible with the character of a man of honour. Schomberg was too hasty certainly in writing his letter; but, now you are parted, pardon me, my Prince, when I presume to recommend, that Schomberg may stand in your Royal favour, as if he had never sailed with you; and that at some future day you will serve him. There only wants this, to place your character in the highest point of view. None of us are without failings: Schomberg's was being rather too hasty; but that, put in competition with his being a good officer, will not, I am bold to say, be taken in the scale against him. I wish this matter could have been settled on my station, and I am sure your Royal Highness will join me when I acquaint you, that I have been reprimanded by the Admiralty for allowing your Royal Highness to proceed to America by way of Jamaica. More able friends than myself your Royal Highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the state: but one more attached and affectionate, is, I am bold to say, not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom, find a disinterested person to communicate their thoughts to. I do not pretend to be otherwise: but of this truth be assured by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your Royal Highness should be the greatest and best man this country ever produced. In full confidence of your belief of my sincerity, I take the liberty of saying, that having seen a few more years than yourself, I may in some respects know more of mankind. Permit me then to urge, a thorough knowledge of those you tell your mind to. Mankind are not always what they seem. Far, very far, be it from me to mean any person whom your Royal Highness thinks proper to honour with your confidence: but again let me impress on your Royal mind what I have before mentioned.

As a specimen of his narrative powers, we extract from his journal the account of the taking of Bastia, which had been effected through his remonstrances, much against the opinion of Lord Hood.

March 3.—Lord Hood made my signal, and acquainted me of the retreat of our troops from the heights, and of their return to St. Fiorenzo. Saw General Dundas's letter to Lord Hood, as also Paoli's. What the general could have seen to have made a retreat necessary, I cannot conceive. The enemy's force is 1,000 regulars, and 1,000 or 1,500 irregulars. I wish not to be thought arrogant, or presumptuously sure of my own judgment; but it is my firm opinion that the Agamemnon with only the frigates now here, lying against the town for a few hours, with 500 troops ready to land, when we had battered down the sea-wall, would to a certainty carry the place. I presumed to propose it to Lord Hood, and his lordship agreed with me; but that he should go to Fiorenzo, and hear what the general had to say, and that it would not be proper to risk having our ships crippled without a co-operation of the army, which consists of 1,600 regulars and 180 artillerymen, all in good health, and as good troops as ever marched. We now know, from three Ragusa ships and one Dane, that our cannonade on Sunday, the 23rd of February, threw the town into the greatest consternation; that it almost produced an insurrection; that La Combe St. Michel, the commissioner from the Convention, was obliged to hide himself, for had he been found and massacred to a certainty the town would have been surrendered to me. But St. Michel having declared he would blow up the citadel with himself, was the only thing which prevented a boat coming off to us with offers.

In conclusion, and to crown the delightful passages we have given, read this in a letter from

NELSON TO HIS WIFE IN PROSPECT OF ACTION.

If any accident should happen to me, I am sure my conduct will be such as will entitle you to the royal favour: not that I have the least idea but I shall return to you, and full of honour; if not, the Lord's will be done. My name shall never be a disgrace to those who may belong to me. The little I have, you know I have given to you, except a small annuity. I wish it were more; but I have never got a farthing dishonestly; it descends from clean hands. Whatever fate awaits me, I pray God to bless you, and preserve you for your son's sake. I think always in the most affectionate manner of my father; tell him so, and ever believe me your most affectionate husband,

HORATIO NELSON.

The continuation of this truly national work will be anxiously looked for.

*The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth.* By GEORGE ROBERTS.

(Concluded from page 279.)

ONE or two anecdotes of the final struggle will amuse. The register of Weston Zoyland contains the following entry:—

The engagement began between one and two of the clock in the morning. It continued near one hour and a half. Their was killed upon the spot of the King's souldiers sixteen, and five of them buried in the church, the rest in the churchyard; and they had all Christian Buriall. One hundred or more of the King's souldiers wounded, of which wounds many died; of which we have no certain account. Their was killed of the rebels upon the spot about 300; hanged with us 22, of which 4 weare hanged in gemmaces.\* About 500 prisoners brought into our church; of which there was 79 wounded, and 5 of them died of their wounds in our church.†

As soon as fortune declared for the King, the farmers of the neighbourhood assumed extravagant loyalty, and "sent hogsheds of cider, with their names on them," for the refreshment of the victors. And worth preserving is

THE LEGEND OF THE SWORD.

Whilst Feversham was entertaining himself with the execution of the prisoners many of his officers returned to Weston, and without ceremony went into the different houses and ordered refreshment. One, an ill-bred ruffian, went into the family-house of the Bridges, which had been so recently the head-quarters of his general, who, though not a welcome guest, had received all the attentions due to a stranger, by the rules of old English hospitality. The intruder hastened through the great hall, to the parlour where the ladies were assembled, and had not recovered from the fright which the long-continued sound of the great guns had occasioned. After having made use of the most ungentlemanlike expressions, the armed and cowardly miscreant proceeded to offer a gross insult to the lady of the mansion, when her daughter, Miss Mary Bridge (between eleven and twelve years of age), drew his sword, and stabbed him to the heart. She was brought before Colonel Kirke, and tried by a court-martial, when the fair, young, and interesting heroine was not only honourably acquitted, but also received an order that the sword should be given to her, and that it should descend to the future Mary Bridges of the family. The relic is now in the possession of Miss Mary Bridge of Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, who bears on her seal, "Mary Bridge, 1685," surmounted by an exact representation of "the sword."

It was noticed that when the rebels were flying, many of the country gentlemen, who shrunk from facing them in the field, came out in pursuit, and hunted them down!

The cruelties that followed betrayed the barbarous state of society at the period. For instance:—

When the battle of Sedgemoor was won, a cruel act of wanton barbarity was committed upon a prisoner. "A very fine young man, holding an ensign's commission in the Duke's army, was amongst the prisoners; and it was represented to Feversham that he could show extraordinary feats of agility: with a promise of saving his life, he submitted to be stripped, when one end of a halter was fastened round his neck, and the other round that of a wild young colt. They started at a furious rate at Bussex rhine, in Weston, and the horse fell exhausted, by the side of his ill-fated companion, at Brinsfield-bridge, in Chedzoy,

\* Chains.

† In the registry is this entry, "The Duke of Monmouth beheaded July 15, 1685."



a distance of three quarters of a mile, when the young man, worn down with fatigue, claimed his pardon, but the inhuman general ordered him to be hanged with the rest on the fatal Bussex tree."

The natives of the Zoylands speak of the "White Lady," who was long seen about the great grave, dressed in white, and who died, bereft of reason, at Weston. She was the betrothed of this young soldier.

But another intended victim was more fortunate:

John Swain was a native of Shapwick; he was taken "in his bed a few nights after the fight by two of Kirke's dragoons, who on the following morning were marching him to Bridgewater. His young wife and two children, attended by several of the villagers, followed him; and when he arrived at that part of the parish called Loxley Wood, he fell on his knees, and petitioned that the prayer of a father doomed to death might be heard, and that he might be allowed to show 'how far he could leap, that his children, when grown up, might keep him in remembrance.' His prayer was granted, when he ran and took three successive leaps; and before the soldiers had recovered from their astonishment, he had entered the adjoining coppice, which was so thickly wooded and full of swamps, as to render it impossible for the horses to follow. He remained in the ditches of the neighbourhood until the time of slaughter was overpassed, when he returned to his happy family."

MONMOUTH, in the meanwhile, threw off his armour, and took to flight. He was hotly pursued to near Ringwood, in Hants, where he was compelled to seek concealment on foot, and it is said that dogs were used to hunt him down. He got among a cluster of small farms, called the Island, and here for a whole day eluded his pursuers in a wood. On the morning of the 8th of July he was taken at a spot ever since known by the name of *Monmouth's Close*, where he was found lying in a ditch, covered with fern and brambles, under an ash tree. He was in the last extremity of hunger, having taken no food but a few raw peas. He could not stand, and his appearance was sadly changed. His bearing was said to have been meaner than his garb, and his mind more prostrate than his body. Upon his person were found some books and papers.

One of the books was a manuscript of spells, charms, and conjurations, songs, recipes, and prayers, all written with the Duke's own hand. Sir John Reresby informs us the charms and spells were against death in battle, opening prison doors, &c.

The Duke was taken to Ringwood, and thence he addressed to the King an abject and penitent letter, imploring an interview, in which he uses the mysterious expression "could I but say *one word* in this letter," which word has ever since perplexed ingenuity. Probably it meant nothing. He wrote also to the Queen Dowager and the Earl of Rochester, imploring their intercession. The latter so far succeeded as to obtain for the prisoner an interview with the King; but his Majesty was inexorable, and the rebel was sent to the Tower to meet his fate.

The bill of attainder had prevented the necessity for a formal trial. As a last resource, MONMOUTH intimated to the King that he had turned Catholic; JAMES sent persons to confer with him on the subject, but they reported "that he sought to save his life, and not his soul."

His doom was now irrevocably fixed; even a respite was denied. Three bishops remained with him after the announcement that the following day was fixed for his execution. He received the fatal news with an agony of terror at first; but all hope gone, he became tranquil, and prepared to meet his fate with courage. His last interview with the Duchess and her children is thus described in the Buccleugh MS.

His behaviour was brave and unmoved; and even during the last conversation, and farewell with his wife and children, a most mournful scene, which no one could behold without melting into tears, he did not shew any concern. He declared before all those assembled how avers his Duchess had been to all his irregular courses. She had, he said, never troubled him but on two points,—to complain about women, and his breach of duty towards the late King. That she knew nothing of his last design was clear, from her not having heard from him for a year before it took place,—a fault entirely his own, and divested of any unkindness on her part, from her being ignorant of his address. He gave her a character for the greatest kindness in that particular, and begged her pardon for his many failings and offences towards her. He prayed her to continue her kindness and care to his poor children. Moved by this appeal, the mother fell down at her husband's feet, and begged him to pardon her if ever

she had done any thing to offend and displease him, and, clasping his knees, fell into a fainting fit, from which she was with difficulty, and long after, recovered. A little before this took place, his children were brought by the Bishop of Ely, all crying around him; but the father acquitted himself in taking leave of them with much composure of mind, exhibiting nothing of weakness or unmanliness.

An elaborate account of the execution is given from a very scarce sheet printed at the time by authority. At his first coming to the scaffold, he said, looking at the executioner, "Is this the man to do the business? Do your work well." Then the assailants worried him with questions. The rest of the tragical story we cite from the Buccleugh MS. and from Mr. ROBERTS.

After the devotionary and interrogatory part was over, the Duke went to that part of the scaffold where the block and axe lay. The axe he took in his hand, and felt the edge, saying to Jack Ketch that surely the axe did not feel as if it were sharp enough; and prayed him to do his office well, and not serve him as he had been told he had the late Lord Russell: for if he gave him two strokes, he would not promise him to receive the third. Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave him six guineas, telling him that if he did his duty well, he had left six more in his servant's hands, provided he did his business handsomely. All this he said with as much indifference and unconcernedness as if he was giving orders for a suit of clothes. In the catalogue of duties to be performed by the wretched victims of the law at this period, when on the scaffold, must not be omitted the settlement with the executioner. This functionary, like waiters at ions, bolstered up his expectation of reward according to the fame and circumstances of the wretched beings exposed to the gaze of the multitude; and sometimes spurned or grumbled at the gratuity proffered. Algernon Sidney at first gave three guineas, but had to add one or two guineas more.

No change or alteration of countenance from the first to the last was perceptible. The Duke took off his coat, and having prayed, laid himself down and fitted his neck to the block, with all the calmness of temper and composure of mind that ever were possessed by any who mounted that fatal scaffold. He would have no cap, nor be bound, nor have any thing on his face; and yet for all this "the botcherly dog, the executioner, did so barbarously act his part, that he could not at five strokes of the ax sever the head from the body." At the first, which made only a slight dash in his neck, his body heaved up and his head turned about; the second stroke made only a deeper dash, after which the body moved; the third not doing the work, he threw away the axe, and said "G—d d— me, I can do no more, my heart fails me." The executioner declared that his limbs were stiffened, and that he would willingly give forty guineas to any one who would finish the work.

The bystanders had much ado to forbear throwing him over the scaffold; but made him take the axe again, threatening to kill him if he did not do his duty better. With two strokes more, not being able to finish the work, he was fain to draw forth his long knife, and with it to cut off the remaining part of his neck. He could not hold the head; he only shewed it once to the people.

If there had been no guard before the soldiers, to conduct the executioner away, the people would have torn him to pieces, so great was their indignation at the barbarous usage of the late Duke of Monmouth at his hands.

After his death, the people ran in crowds to the scaffold, and dipped, some their handkerchiefs and some their shirts, in his blood, as it is the custom to do on such occasions, notwithstanding the danger from the thrusts of the halberds and pikes, which they carried away as a precious relic.

"The evil that men do lives after them." This was fearfully exhibited in the consequences that resulted to his misguided partisans from the rash and ill-conducted enterprise of the Duke of MONMOUTH. We have now to trace the tragedy which was enacted by the brutes in human shape, who were sent to execute the vengeance of a bigot monarch, of which Mr. ROBERTS has collected the amplest details ever presented to the public.

Lord FEVERSHAM commanded twenty-two of the wretched prisoners to be hanged up at once after the battle from the branches of a large tree at Bussex. Colonel KIRKE, whose name has ever since been held in deserved execration in the west of England, marched to Bridgewater with his troop, ironically called "Kirke's lambs," and commenced a reign of terror, which has few parallels in the history of civilized nations. From Weston to Bridgewater there was a complete chain of gibbets. Of the military butcher's early life we have this account:—

He appears to have been a soldier of fortune, and a man drunk (besides his wine) with a long run of disorderly and bullying success. He had no shame, says a writer, to limit his will; and no imagination to conceive the feelings of others, except as giving it pungency. James knew of Kirke's infamous conduct as Governor of Tangier, from the narratives of Pepys.

Among other remarkable instances of Kirke's conduct is related his debt, amounting to 1,500*l.* to the inhabitants of Tangier;—how he contrived 900 false musters in 2,700 men;—his banishment of the Jews, without, or rather contrary to, express orders from England, because of their denying him, or standing in the way of his private profits; that he received money on both sides in cases of difference in law: and when the recorder told him such and such a thing was not according to the law of England, he said openly in court, "But it was then according to the law of Tangier;"—how he made a poor Jew and his wife, that fled from the Inquisition, be carried back to Spain, swearing they should be burned; and they were carried into the *Inquisition* and burned!

This barbarian entered Taunton on the 9th of July, and the same afternoon he brought out twenty prisoners to be executed. His conduct during the hideous scene is thus described:—

While the executioner was performing the mournful duties of his office, Kirke, with his characteristic barbarity, commanded the fifes to play, the trumpets to sound, and the drums to beat, that the music might drown the cries of the dying victims, and the lamentations of their relatives and the populace. The mangled bodies of these unfortunate men were, by his order, immediately stripped, their breasts cleft asunder, and their hearts, while warm, separately thrown into a large fire; and, as each was cast in, a great shout was raised, the executioner saying, "There goes the heart of a traitor!" When they were burnt, their quarters were boiled in pitch, and hung up at all the cross-ways and public parts of the town and neighbourhood.

And again:—

Burnet assigns the cruel looking-on of Kirke and his company to the execution of the 9th of July, when healths were drunk as each prisoner was turned off; and it was said, upon observing that the legs of the victims of martial law moved, that they should have music to their dancing. A captain was hanged, and the rope broke, whereby the prisoner hoped to have saved his life; but they took from a market horse a ring-rope and hanged him again. The "New Martyrology" refers the same conduct to the execution of the 9th of July, when one man was hanged on the White Hart sign-post three times, to try if he would own he had done amiss; but he affirmed that if it was to do again he would engage in the same cause; so Kirke would have him hung in chains, and his body remained hanging till William III. came.

But the butcheries of the soldier sunk into insignificance compared with those of the Lawyer. To the *Bloody Assizes*, under the infamous JEFFREYS, Mr. ROBERTS devotes one of the most interesting of his chapters.

The judge is described as "perpetually either drunk or in a rage." Lord DELAMERE thus pictures him.

He was mighty witty upon the prisoners at the bar; he was very full of his jokes upon people that came to give evidence, not suffering them to declare what they had to say in their own way and method, but would interrupt them, because they behaved themselves with more gravity than he; and, in truth, the people were strangely perplexed when they were to give in their evidence. But I do not insist upon this, nor upon the late hours he kept up and down our city (Chester): it's said he was every night drinking till two o'clock, or beyond that time, and that he went to his chamber drunk; but this I have only by common fame, for I was not in his company. I bless God I am not a man of his principles or behaviour; but in the mornings he appeared with the symptoms of a man that over night had taken a large cup.

At Dorchester he resorted to the trick of tempting the prisoners, by hopes of mercy, to plead guilty.

The thirty persons against whom a true bill had been found, disregarding the judge's threatening, "that in case any did put themselves on trial, and the country found them guilty, they should have but a little time to live," put themselves on their trials. The judge had at the same time insinuated "that it was better to plead guilty, if they expected any favour."

The plan adopted to shorten the business at Dorchester, and to procure a confession, without which not a tenth part could be legally proved guilty, was this:—Two officers were sent into the gaol to call over and take the names of the prisoners. They bore with them the sister promises of pardon and execution. If the prisoners confessed, they were told they might expect mercy;

otherwise not. And as many were induced to accept the proffered mercy, these officers were in a condition to appear as witnesses of their confession (as the law was then administered), in the case of their retracting.

The first thirty, mistrusting the cruel judge, put themselves upon their trial, and pleaded *not guilty*. This was on Saturday. The same evening Jeffrey's signed a warrant to hang thirteen on the Monday following; which was punctually performed. The rest followed very soon afterwards, except one Saunders, who was acquitted for want of evidence. The pleading *guilty* by the other prisoners put an end to further trial.

The judge performed his office in a manner that we hope never to see rivalled or imitated. What a sight did the court-house of Dorchester present, when two hundred and ninety-two persons received sentence of death at one and the same time.

The brutal bearing of this monster is exhibited in the following anecdotes:—

Mr. Smith, the constable of Chardstock, who had been compelled by a party of the Duke's men to surrender some money belonging to the militia, was hanged upon the same evidence as Mr. Bragge; and, by particular directions from the judge, suffered the first of the party. This prisoner had informed the Court that little credit ought to be given to the evidence. Jeffreys thundered at him, saying, "Thou villain! methinks I see thee already with a halter about thy neck—thou impudent rebel! to challenge these evidences that are for the King." Mr. John Marder had friends to speak of his readiness to forward the messengers from Lyme who gave information of the landing. One of them, an injudicious friend, spoke to his being "a good Protestant." "Oh, then," cried Jeffreys, "I'll hold a wager with you he is a Presbyterian: I can smell them forty miles." Alderman Holliday, the father of Richard Holliday, appeared on behalf of his son, claiming the benefit of the proclamation, as he had surrendered within four days, and offering to be bound for his future good behaviour. The judge told him he knew many aldermen who were villains, and that he hoped to beat some fur out of their gowns before he had done with them. When John Bennett, of Lyme, was placed at the bar, some person observed that he received alms of the parish; to which the judge, in a facetious manner, replied, "Do not trouble yourselves; I will ease the parish of that burden."

It is melancholy to reflect that these cruelties were stimulated and applauded by the High Church clergy, who were delighted thus to exterminate, as they hoped, the hated Dissenters. Here is an instance:—

Wiseman, an apprentice to a barber at Weymouth, was only fourteen years of age. The people one morning perceived a copy of the Declaration stuck up; not being able to read it, they thought themselves of this youth, who had the gift, now so common, but then so rare. The whipping commenced at Dorchester, where the gaoler, pitying the boy's early years, performed his office with as little severity as he could. A clergyman named Blanchard informed the merciful gaoler "that he would do his business for him with the Lord Chief Justice for shamming his sentence, in not whipping the boy half enough." The man, exasperated at this interference, said, "You talk of the cruelties of the Popish priests, but commend me to a Church of England priest for cruelty; they are like the country justices, who won't believe a man is burnt in the hand unless they can see a hole through it." It is uncertain whether this clergyman really did inform; some one sent to Jeffreys, who had the poor boy whipped again the following morning to such a degree that his life was despaired of.

At Exeter thirteen were executed. Thence, still thirsting for human blood, the judge proceeded to Taunton, where no less than 526 persons were waiting their trials. Of these, no less than one hundred and forty-four were executed!!

The reader who has felt interested in the presentation of the colours to the Duke of Monmouth by the Taunton maids may be desirous of learning how they fared at such a time as this, when the air was tainted with the smell of the quarters of the leaders of the recent pageant, and of their own relatives. One of the Miss Blakes, the schoolmistress, was committed to Dorchester Gaol, where she died of the small-pox. One of the young maids (some of whom were only from eight to ten years of age) surrendered herself in court, begging mercy from the judge, who, when she was produced before him, looked on her with a very fierce countenance, and raving, commanded the gaoler to take her. This struck such terror into the poor girl, that pulling her hood over her face, she fell a-weeping, and the gaoler removing her immediately out of the court, she died, not many hours after, through fear.

At Wells, ninety-seven were sent to the gibbet. And this is the scene the monster left behind him.

Jeffreys's whole progress might be traced by the carnage he left behind him. Every tower and steeple were set round with the heads of traitors. Wherever a road divided a gibbet served for an index; and there was scarcely a hamlet, however obscure, to which one limb at least was not sent, that those who survived might never lose sight of their departed friends, nor the remembrance of their crime or punishments. The following description of the beautiful west country disfigured by Jeffreys is very striking: "He made all the West an Aeldama; some places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in 'em but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets, and ghostly carcasses. The trees were loaden almost as thick with quarters as leaves; the houses and steeples covered as close with heads as at other times frequently in that country with crows or ravens. Nothing could be liker hell than all those parts; nothing so like the Devil as he. Cauldrons hissing, carcasses boiling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing, blood and limbs boiling, and tearing and mangling; and he the great director of all, and, in a word, discharging his place who sent him, the best deserving to be the King's late chief justice there, and chancellor after, of any man that breathed since Cain or Judas."

Lord Lowther writes that the stench was so great that the ways were not to be travelled whilst the horror of so many quarters of men, and the offensive stench of them, lasted; of which Ken, the bishop of Bath and Wells, wrote a most pathetic letter to his Majesty.

Besides these butcheries, 850 prisoners were transported to the plantations—in reality, sold as slaves to the planters, in a climate where field labour is certain death to Europeans; so that they are to be added to the number of victims. One of these was the son of a clergyman near Lyme, the Rev. J. PINNEY.

The Taunton school-girls, who had worked the banner for MONMOUTH, were given as *Christmas-boxes* to the maids of honour to the Queen; of whom their liberty was afterwards purchased for 7,000*l*.

It is estimated that JEFFREYS cleared no less than 34,000*l*. by this assize, in bribes accepted for the escape or pardon of wealthy prisoners. From Mr. PRIDEAUX, of Ford Abbey, who was undoubtedly innocent, he extorted the sum of 15,000*l*.

The total number killed during this rebellion is estimated by Mr. ROBERTS at 1,810, of whom 392 were executed by JEFFREYS after its suppression.

Mr. ROBERTS appropriately devotes a chapter at the close of his history to a picture, which he had gathered in the course of his researches, of the terrible persecutions with which the nonconformists in the west of England had been visited previously to the rebellion; and which sufficiently accounts for the cordial reception given to MONMOUTH, who promised an alleviation of their sufferings. Some of these we must extract, as without them neither the times nor the events we have traversed can be understood.

Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, were then the staple of the woollen manufactures; and then, as now, manufacturers were for the most part very *protestant* in religion, and very liberal in politics. But the Church party men resolved to put them down, and accordingly laws were made subjecting nonconformists to every species of civil disability. It is estimated that from the restoration in 1660, to the declaration of liberty of conscience by JAMES the Second in 1682, a period of twenty-seven years only, no less than *fifteen thousand* families of dissenters had been ruined, and more than 5,000 persons died in prison, for matters of conscience!

A curious proof of the persecuting spirit of the age is exhibited in the following extract from the Mayor's Book in the little borough of Lyme. It is difficult in these tolerant times to understand such atrocious interference with the "liberty of prophesying."

- Oct 15, 1683. Eight persons (whose names are entered) fined for having been at a conventicle, from 20*l*. to 5*s*. each. The document is in Latin: it is stated that some *paupertate laborant—nulla habent bona vel catalla, &c.* "They are very poor, and have no goods nor chattels, &c."
- Nov. 8. 1683. Six persons, for having been at a conventicle, 15*d*. each.
- Jan. 14. 1683. Twenty-six persons, 3*s*. each, as absentees from church for three Sundays.
- Feb. 11. —. One man, as above.
- 28. —. One ditto ditto.
- March 1. —. Nine persons, 1*s*. each. Absent from church one Sunday. One was sent to prison; one, promising reformation, was forgiven.

- June 9. 1684. Ten, 1*s*. each, as above.
- 23. —. Thirty-eight, 1*s*. as above.
- Aug. 3. —. One man, 25*s*. for having been at a conventicle.
- Jan. 12. 1684-5. Sixteen, 1*s*. each. Absent from church.
- April 5. 1686. Twenty-six, 2*s*. each. Absent from church two Sundays.

In some places the overseers gave relief only to the poor who conformed to the church. The Mansion-house of the city of London was built with money collected by fines levied upon dissenters. Pulling down and burning meeting houses was a favourite sport with the loyalists. On July 6th, 1683, Lord STAWELL visited Bridgewater with some troops.

He, with his customary bad spelling, wrote of having "found the House of Worship, which was sooner plucked down than built, and so ought to have been all the phanatic houses in Bridgewater, if they had had the least incouragement, for they were all able workmen. The materials of the conventicles were carried upon the Cornhill, which made a bonfire fourteen foot high, a topp of which was placed the pulpit and cushion. Wee only wanted the levit to have given us a farewell sermon: there were some gentlemen of the country that came into us. . . . We stood round the bonfire, and healths were not wanting." His lordship adds, "The mittig hows was made rown like a cock-pit, and ould hold sum 400 parsons."

On the 11th of August, STEPHEN TYMEWELL, mayor of Taunton, followed the example, destroying the great meeting-house called Poche, and the Baptist one on the same day. He thus wrote of it:—

"We burnt ten cartloads of pulpit, doors, gates, and seats, upon the market place. We staid till three in the morning before all were burnt. We were very merry. The bells rung all night. The church is now full; thank God for it. The fanatic's dare not open their mouths."

The same worthy writes on the 21st of January following, that he had taken nine conventicles.

Nor must we omit the curious chapter descriptive of the country, the people, and the manners of the time. London was a week's journey from Taunton. The communication was so slight that Bridgewater bells rung for joy that Cromwell was made protector, *nineteen* days after the event had occurred. "Persons on their safe return from London were apt to assume ridiculous airs of superiority over their fellows."

We now take our leave of Mr. ROBERTS's work, with hearty thanks to him for the information he has gathered. A history, in the higher sense of the term, it is not, but it contains the materials for history, and for a vivid picture of the times, for bringing before us the very men as they lived, and moved, and spoke, it is more effective than any formal history that has been or is like to be written. It is a book which no person can take up without going through it; for it has all the interest of a romance with the impressiveness of truth. It will be a welcome addition to every library and book-club.

#### SCIENCE.

*Letters on Mesmerism.* By HARRIETT MARTINEAU. London, 1845. Moxon.

*Mesmerism; its pretensions as a Science physiologically considered.* By J. ALLISON, late Surgeon in the East-India Company's Service. London, 1844. Whittaker.

PLEASANT it is, after the brainless assaults to which Mesmerism has hitherto been subjected, in which abuse has been substituted for argument, and flat denial for calm inquiry, to find an opponent who will come into the field like a philosopher and a gentleman, and soberly and fairly discuss the claims of Mesmerism to the respect due to a truth and the dignity demanded for a science. Thus it is that Mr. ALLISON approaches the question, and therefore he is entitled to be heard with patience, and answered with the same courtesy he has used. He professes to desire only to ascertain the truth, not to maintain a foregone conclusion. So do we. And thus only will honest inquirers strive.

Mr. ALLISON opens his pamphlet with an earnest deprecation of dogmatism on either side. He frankly admits with us the tendency of a large portion of the world to reject *new* discoveries in science from divers motives, which he details; and we as readily concede to him that there is another considerable section of mankind who fall into the opposite error, and permit



their imaginations or their feelings to blind their reason, and become as unwisely credulous as the former class are irrationally sceptical. And cordially do we subscribe to the sentiment with which he concludes his survey:—"There is still much consolation in the reflection, that neither the censure nor the approbation, neither the encouragement nor the opposition, of individuals or parties can affect the immutable principles of TRUTH."

We agree, too, with Mr. ALLISON, that the comparison so often made between the cases of Mesmerism, and those of GALILEO, HARVEY, and other discoverers, has been pushed too far by many of our friends: these men were acknowledged philosophers, and their assertions entitled of themselves to respect. MESMER WAS, at the best, a quack. But it is not thus that we have used the example. We have cited it merely as proof of the invalidity of the very favourite argument of the opponents of Mesmerism—that it cannot be true, because it is not accepted by the most eminent of the scientific authorities of the age.

Moreover, we freely concede to Mr. ALLISON all that he urges relative to the absurdities that have been imported into Mesmerism by designing quacks and unreasoning enthusiasts. None can more strongly deprecate and lament than do we the nonsense uttered by many of the votaries of Mesmerism and the mystery in which they love to enshroud a subject in itself sufficiently inexplicable. We admit, also, that "it is impossible to obtain a satisfactory definition of the pseudo science;" that we "look in vain for a clear and intelligible explanation of its principles," and that the statements of its votaries are "conflicting and contradictory."

But we contend that all these objections are no evidence against the *facts* observed. A fact, or a series of facts, is not false because men are unable to account for what they see; because, in trying to account for it, they differ in their theories. We are surprised that a surgeon, of all men, should raise such an objection. We ask Mr. ALLISON if the same argument would not be equally applicable to the science of medicine and the science of animal physiology? Can he inform us the cause of the effects he witnesses as the results of the doses he administers, and are there not fifty conflicting theories afloat, each assuming to solve the mystery? Nay, we ask Mr. ALLISON candidly to say, if in physiology there be not a hundred phenomena as mysterious and inexplicable as those of Mesmerism, only that they are seen every day, and therefore do not excite our surprise? To take a palpable instance. The forms of external objects are conveyed to the mind, and, once impressed there, they can be reproduced at will. Can Mr. ALLISON or any body else say *how* this is effected? Have not multitudes of learned men put forth theories about it, all differing from each other? Yet would not Mr. ALLISON question the sanity of any man who should deny the fact that the mind, receives impressions and can recall them, because, to use the very words he has applied to Mesmerism, "it is impossible to obtain a satisfactory definition," and because there are about it "conflicting and contradictory statements?" We repeat that the phenomena of vitality, of the nerves and of the mind are at this moment quite as mysterious, as inexplicable; their definition as unfixed, their principles as unascertained, and the facts themselves as seemingly contradictory, and many of them as apparently opposed to the known laws of nature, as those of Mesmerism, which is, indeed, but one of them. Every argument against the latter is equally good against the former, and in all, the honest inquirer after truth is at last compelled to limit himself to the question, "What is the *fact*?" They are all, in the present state of our knowledge, simply matters for experiment, not for argument.

Mr. ALLISON having begun by asserting, very truly, that the theories of Mesmerism are conflicting, turns to the most prominent of them, and proceeds to their demolition, which he accomplishes with great ease. He shews that Mesmerism is not magnetism, at least in the known form of that fluid, and that it is not electricity, in which, again, we agree with him, or we should rather say, we admit that these theories are altogether unproved. But what of that? To overthrow the theory of some half-dozen speculators is not to overthrow the facts upon which they have too rashly based it. Surely Mr. ALLISON would not contend that the phenomena of the nerves, for instance, are false, because some man should successfully combat Sir Charles Bell's theory of them.

He then attacks the theory of an emanation from the operator to his subject. To this objection the same answer applies; it is simply a conjecture, it is not asserted as a fact. But Mr. ALLISON should remember that it is not in itself more extraordinary than the emanation or (whatever it be) from the magnet, which affects the steel even through solid substances.

As for the more wild and baseless conjectures, theories and statements put forth by visionaries, and which Mr. ALLISON needs but name to explode, we grant their exceeding folly. But we repeat that all this is but fighting with windmills; it is simply a question of *fact* that is at issue, not one of theory or conjecture. Mr. ALLISON does then come to the fact, and it would seem that some of the facts he does not venture to deny. He admits the sleep and the cataleptic state to begin with. But to admit these, we should have supposed would be to admit the existence of the phenomenon to which the name of Mesmerism has been given.

Mr. ALLISON, however, hopes to evade the conclusion by the strangely unphilosophical contrivance of a change of names. This, he says, is not Mesmerism, but Hypnotism. So let it be. We will not quarrel about a name. Whether it be called Mesmerism or Hypnotism, or Animal Magnetism, does not in the least affect the question, which is as to the evidence of the fact, or render the phenomenon less curious or less worthy of investigation. It is painful to see a mind so candid and rational as that of Mr. ALLISON imposed upon by this palpable thimble-rig of words. Does he not see that the *thing* in dispute is the existence of certain phenomena—the *thing* sought, their physiology; it is not a straw's worth by what *name* that thing is called; and by terming it Hypnotism instead of Mesmerism, the difficulty is not a whit removed, the inquiry not one step advanced, nor the mystery at all unveiled.

Hypnotism, says Mr. ALLISON, adopting the theory of Mr. BRAID, is produced, not by the passes, but simply by fixing the eye on any object, and abstracting the attention. This may be so; we do not deny nor affirm it; nay, we are disposed so to think: but how does this conduct a single step towards the object sought,—the physiology of this phenomenon and its application to the purposes of healing or of discovery? Whether produced by passes or by fixing the eye, it is equally curious, equally strange, equally worthy of the most serious investigations of science and philosophy.

Have we not fairly and completely answered Mr. ALLISON so far?

He next proceeds to the attack of Phreno-Mesmerism. He contends that this is opposed to the known laws of physiology, and therefore false. He begins by admitting the fundamental doctrines of phrenology. We cannot gather whether he accepts the division of the organs; but he assumes it for the sake of argument. Assuming also that an influence *does* pass from the finger of the operator, he ventures on the bold assertion "that it is obvious it could not directly influence the brain," because bone and tissues intervene! We can scarce believe that Mr. ALLISON gravely sends forth this assertion for an argument. In the language of the schools we ask him, "If not, why not?" Until we know what is the nature of the phenomenon which Mr. ALLISON calls Hypnotism, and we call Mesmerism, who shall say what *can* and what *cannot* be? Until the fact was proved by actual experiment, would it not have been asserted, with equal dogmatism, that the magnet *could* not influence the steel, because there was a solid body between them? The usual practice with sensible men is first to ascertain if the fact be as asserted, and *then* to account for it; not to say that it cannot *be*, because they cannot, on the moment, satisfy themselves *how* it is.

Now we are averse to theorizing in the present imperfect state of knowledge, and we hope that the illustration we are about to employ will not be taken as an opinion. We desire only to shew Mr. ALLISON, and such as may share his objections, that there is nothing *impossible* in Phreno-Mesmerism, and that it may be explained in entire accordance with the known laws of physiology. Admitting, as Mr. ALLISON has done, the truth of phrenology—that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that certain portions of it have specific functions, and supposing that some influence, whatever it may be, does pass from the operator to the patient, or *vice versa*, the phenomena exhibited are not only not impossible, but they are

precisely such as would be anticipated from such a cause; the passage of this influence through the organ would of necessity stimulate it to action, and emotions or ideas would arise in the mind in pursuance of that stimulus, precisely as they do under the influence of other stimuli.

Mr. ALLISON next tries to overthrow the facts of phrenomesmerism, and to do this he resorts to the vulgar charge of imposture; he asserts them to be the result of collusion between the operator and the patient. It grieves us to find him, after the candid and liberal opening of his essay, wherein he deprecates all such imputations, resorting to them himself, to escape a difficulty he cannot solve. It is neither fair nor philosophical. We have seen these phenomena distinctly, unequivocally developed by persons of undoubted veracity, by members of our own family, in a brother, a brother-in-law, gentlemen of full age, of high education, of strict integrity, in many other of our friends who would scorn imposture, who would die rather than lend themselves to a fraud. If Mr. ALLISON doubt our assertion, it will give us pleasure to afford him proofs which he shall be unable to deny. To make assurance doubly sure, he shall be himself the operator. His patients shall be persons in rank, intelligence, all that can guarantee uprightness, beyond the suspicion even of the most suspicious; we will place them in his hands; the whole process shall be performed by him; he shall try every experiment himself, and we will wait with confidence the result of his own honest convictions, when he finds that the finger placed upon the same part of the head produces in each patient the same effects; that those effects are invariable; that they extend to the greater portion of the mental faculties described by the phrenologists, and that they are precisely such as, according to phrenology, would be produced by an excitement of that part of the brain over which his finger shall be placed. How these results are produced we know not; all we know is that they are produced so unequivocally, that they cannot be denied or misunderstood by the most sceptical spectator.

If it does not suit Mr. ALLISON to accept the invitation to see our friends, we ask him to try the experiment upon his own friends. He will find abundance of cases, if he will look for them. Let him induce the Hypnotism (if he prefers the term) in some members of his own family, or in any persons upon whose veracity he can rely, and when they are in the trance, touch the organs with which he, as a phrenologist, is acquainted. This is a fair test, and upon it we should be content to stake the truth of the phenomena of phrenomagnetism.

But we must reserve the remainder of this pamphlet for another article. Temperate argument cannot but help to advance that which should be the single aim of both parties, the discovery of the truth. Mr. ALLISON is the fairest of all the opponents of Mesmerism who have yet entered the arena. We wish that he would join the Society for its investigation, which, as he will see by the report, has resolved to commence its inquiries, assuming nothing of it to be true or proved. It is to be indeed an association for the sole purpose of investigation, not for conversion, and therefore the aid of those who doubt is quite as welcome as that of those who believe, provided only that they have at heart to ascertain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The other pamphlet, named at the head of this notice, is a reprint of Miss MARTINEAU's letters to the *Athenæum*, which have been already noticed at considerable length in our columns. She has added to them a preface, in which she states that the belief and practice of Mesmerism are far more widely diffused than she had supposed previously to the publication of her case. From all quarters she has received letters asking for advice, and expressing sympathy or concurrence in her views. She notices with approval the Society which THE CRITIC has been the means of establishing in the metropolis, and which hopes soon to have corresponding members to aid its investigations in every part of the civilized world, and the functions of a literary organ for philosophical and practical Mesmerists to communicate their thoughts and experiments, without which isolated labours are of little use, being now supplied by this journal, and with such a medium as THE CRITIC to help them, we trust her appeal will be cordially responded to. "Now," she says, "is the time for contemplative Mesmerists to communicate to each other their speculations, and for practical Mesmerists to give to the public a

large number of the multitude of cases that it is known they have on their books."

In the Journal of Mesmerism, begun by THE CRITIC, we hope they will do so forthwith.

*Outlines of Chemistry, for the use of Students.* By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London. Taylor and Walton.

THEY who have had the pleasure of attending Dr. GREGORY's lectures on chemistry, may well estimate the value of this treatise, which will serve them as an invaluable text-book. It should not be understood, however, that to them alone it will prove useful. The branch of the science of chemistry that is termed organic is one of high importance to medical students, and is daily becoming of greater interest and service, from its applicability to medicine and the useful arts, especially to agriculture. Dr. GREGORY has not thought it needful to treat of the imponderables, deeming that they more rightly form a part of the province of physics. In omitting these branches, however, he does not at all imply that he doubts their great importance and value to the chemist; but he thinks it impossible for the teacher of chemistry, who expounds fairly its present state, to attempt teaching also so important a part of physics. Ponderable substances only are the themes of the treatise. These are scientifically described and considered, under the several heads of Combination, Decomposition, Symbols, Isomerism, Metalloids, the several orders of Metals, the Theories of the Constitution of Salts, besides eight other divisions. Woodcut illustrations are introduced; and having thus briefly described the contents, we must leave any further acquaintance with the book to be obtained by the research of the student.

*A Critical Examination of Sir James Graham's Bill, &c.* By JOHN FORBES, M.D. &c. London, 1845. Churchill.

This pamphlet is reprinted from the *Medical Review*, and it purposes to examine, 1st, the grievances of the medical profession, and for which they are seeking redress; 2nd, Are they of such a kind as to justify the cry for reform so generally and so loudly raised? 3rd, Are they susceptible of redress through the means of medical reform, or through any other means? 4th, If susceptible of redress, is the Bill of Sir J. GRAHAM, or are the propositions of various publications on the subject, calculated to yield it? The first two questions are treated as admitted. The third is answered in the affirmative; and the pamphlet then proceeds to consider the fourth, which it does with considerable force of argument. They who feel an interest in the subject we have described should procure the pamphlet, which it is not in our province further to handle.

#### FICTION.

*Zoe. The History of Two Lives.* By GERALDINE ENDORS JEWSBURY. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

THERE can be no hesitation in pronouncing this to be beyond compare the best novel the season has yet produced—a composition in all respects of a very high class, with more of substance in it than is wont to be found in fiction;—having a distinct design,—which few, indeed, can boast—and written with as much care as if it hoped for a longer life than is the lot of ordinary novels. There is a probability that this hope will not be disappointed.

Miss GERALDINE JEWSBURY, who has thus suddenly taken so high a place among the authoresses of Great Britain, is, as we understand, a sister of the poetess whose early promise was blighted by a premature death from cholera, in India. The vigorous and masculine talent of the poetess appears to be a characteristic of the family; it is pre-eminently displayed in the remarkable production before us.

But for the name upon the title-page, it would never have been suspected that *Zoe* was written by a woman. Lady novelists are usually known by their keen observation of trivialities; by their minute traits of feeling; by the liveliness of their dialogues, and the copiousness of their words. Miss JEWSBURY adds to these reflection so frequent, so profound,

so far beyond and apart from the beaten track of conventional sentiment and common-place maxim, that the world would have been at fault in its guesses of her sex had she chosen to preserve the anonymous. These volumes abound in thought, and that, too, of a rare class, indicating an original mind, and a brave daring, of which there is but one other instance among the living authoresses of our age. Need we say to whom we refer?

We have asserted that *Zoe* is a remarkable book, and the palled reader of the trashy novels that deluge the shelves of the circulating libraries will readily admit, that a fiction must be remarkable now-a-days which tells a very interesting story in a very simple, unaffected style, sustaining the attention from the beginning to the end without the introduction of one strange or unnatural incident, with scarcely an improbability, with no romance, but all ordered according to the not unlikely course of things in this matter-of-fact world of ours. The heroine, *Zoe*, is the lovely daughter of a Colonel Cleveland by a Greek girl who had attended him in the wars, whom he married after *Zoe's* birth, and then he had her child legitimized in France. This child, endowed with large intellect and strong feelings, he commits to the care of a worthy relative, a country clergyman, who educates her and another niece—the latter, a pattern of the *nobody* class. For some time *Zoe* was kept in ignorance of the blot upon her birth; but when she learns it, and how it would affect her station in the world, and is taunted with it, she becomes worldly, and resolves by all the powers of her person and mind to rise superior to the accident. She marries a friend of the Colonel, a Mr. Gifford, very rich, but old enough to be her grandfather, and two children are the issue of this union. As yet she had never loved.

But another destiny was doomed to be entwined with hers. Related to her husband were two brothers, descendants of a Roman Catholic family; one, Louis, the elder of them, a plain country squire; the other, Everhard, destined for the church. The latter is endowed with brilliant genius and great mental powers. He goes to Rome; becomes famous as a champion of the church; then doubts arise, whose progress is traced with masterly ability; he is sent to England by the Pope to superintend a college for Catholics erected by Gifford. He there meets *Zoe*; by insensible degrees a deep interest in each other is contracted; he feels the fascination, rouses his self control, and flies from temptation. His doubts about the truth of his creed still prevail; he throws up his appointment, resigns the church, and goes forth into the world to live in it as he may, and battle with it as he can. His trials under the odium he had incurred by his sincerity are powerfully portrayed; he buries himself in Germany; hears no more of *Zoe*, but ever she is present to his soul, its guardian angel.

In the meanwhile *Zoe* becomes a widow; she is introduced accidentally to Mirabeau, the mighty one of good and evil, then an exile in England. He kindles a passion in her soul, for he was irresistible; but when she finds that his intentions are not honourable, she rejects him with scorn, though at the peril of her life, so much did she love him.

She awakes from this as from a dream, and dedicates herself to her children. The return of Everhard and his death before she could fly to him closes the *History of the Two Lives*.

With these are mingled others of great but subordinate interest. The story of *Clothilde*, the gentle saint, with one passion, kindled once and once only, and then subdued for ever, is beautifully told; and a multitude of minor personages come and go upon the scene, all having an interest for us because they are all thoroughly human beings.

Such is a most meagre outline of the story, but it conveys not the very slightest conception of its real attractions, for they are derived from sources too various to be compressed into a review. The design of the authoress appears to have been to shew how, spite of strong feelings, a well-trained mind may subdue passion even at the height of temptation, and when it is raging most furiously. Incidentally the moral is taught that honesty is wisdom as well as virtue, and that to sacrifice conscience to the conventionalities of the world is not to buy happiness, but to change prosperity into a secret martyrdom, while the opposite course takes the sting out of adversity and makes even poverty endurable.

The portraiture of character is quiet, but graphic. There

are no laboured descriptions; but from action and language the reader is made to draw an image for himself, which is at least as vividly impressed upon the mind as the catalogue-like paintings of ordinary novelists. The personages of the story are all individualized; they are not abstract representatives of classes, but sketches of certain persons; they are themselves, and none other.

The writing is the purest English, easy, unaffected, straightforward. Miss *Jewsbury* has something to say, and she says it right out, in the words that come the readiest, which are, in nine cases out of ten, with a writer of genius, those which most aptly embody the meaning. Indeed, both the story and the manner of its telling are so simple and natural, there is such an entire absence of effort, or display, or aiming at the wise, the witty, or the exciting, that the only danger is lest its worth be underrated because it has not romance enough for readers accustomed to the stimulants of the wonderful in incident and the exaggerated in sentiment and language.

If, as we presume, this be Miss *Jewsbury's* first fiction, it bears promise of future excellence, when experience shall have matured her great powers, which cannot fail to place her among the very foremost of the authoresses our country has produced.

Though space is precious in the fast growing throng of new works asking for notice, we cannot refuse to present a few extracts, for the purpose of exhibiting the manner of this new star that has risen upon the horizon of our literature. But they must be more brief than we could desire, or than we had scored as we read. It is scarcely necessary to add to these remarks a hearty recommendation of *Zoe* to every library and every reader, and even they who do not usually patronize novels may with advantage borrow this one.

#### TALENTED WOMEN.

Women gifted like *Zoe* often present instances of aberration from the standard of female rectitude. It is not that high talents are in their own nature inimical to the delicate and refined virtues, but they require in proportion a stronger and wiser guidance than they often get. The motives that influence the generality of women do not touch women of high powers; they do not feel the obligations of those small moralities, the fear of "being singular," of rendering themselves the subject of "remark," which wholesomely qualify the love of admiration and display, in the generality of female breasts. They have more energy of character than is absorbed by the routine of duties women are generally called upon to perform, and they have no channel in which their superfluous activity can be expended. Women seldom have their powers equalized and balanced by a thorough education, so it is not wonderful that one gifted with more strongly marked strength of character than the generality should have somewhat of the eccentric and irregular in her actions. Her strength resembles the undirected activity of a child, much promised, and nothing accomplished with it. Besides women cannot, like men, correct their false or crude notions by intercourse with the actual world; from their natural position they are prevented taking a broad view of things as they really exist. When a woman steps beyond her own domestic circle, into whatever scene she goes she is the subject of a social fiction; she is treated as a visitor, not as an inhabitant; therefore what a woman calls "a knowledge of the world" is only a fresh source of bewilderment, which, besides being in the highest degree undesirable, is confined to a coarse exaggeration of scenes, which undoubtedly do take place, but which lose their truth by being detached from the course of natural circumstances under which they occur. Women of the class we are describing have often a morbid curiosity for this kind of enlightenment; but it leads them no nearer to their object, viz. something to fill the void in their hearts and intellects. Who are the only class of women who *know the world best*, who see and mix with it in all its hard and appalling realities?

#### CHARACTER.

Our most indifferent actions have the impress of individuality; we may convey an impression not to be effaced for years, by an unconsidered word, a gesture, nay, by our very silence, and we, all the time, unconscious of having done or said any thing at all. It is never by our deliberate actions that we persuade others to estimate us.

#### BELIEF AND DOUBT.

When any thing strikes the mind as a truth, however distasteful it may be, or opposed to our former feelings, we have no option—the instant we see it as true, we are constrained to embrace it; we cannot say we will or we will not,—it is a necessity, and we must. The first distinctly recognized doubt is of the same kind; we may struggle against it as we will, but there it is, a



wedge inserted into the very fabric of our faith, which splits to the foundation, and falls off from us, leaving us naked and trembling among its ruins.

THE REV. HORACE O'BRIEN.

The Reverend Horace O'Brien was the nephew of an Irish earl, and the eldest son of a man who had changed his religion for a clerkship in the Treasury. He had been educated for the church, because the reversion of the rectory of Sutton had been promised to his father for him;—he himself would much have preferred pushing his fortune in the army, but as it was the church who opened her arms for him, he was obliged to take the good the gods provided, and be content. He had been very extravagant at college, and contracted many debts; his only hope of liquidating them was from the economies of his living, and this tended in some degree to reconcile him to his lot.

Till he was fairly installed in his new career, the idea of self-control or self-denial had never occurred to him, not even in the lowest form, that of refusing a present gratification to obtain a greater after a while. He was rich in that species of genius which is the result of a strong passionate temperament; he had a vivid susceptibility to external influences; a love of luxury that seemed rather an innate and artist-like perception of the beautiful, than a vulgar love of gratification; he was rich in poetical and generous impulses; his whole being was saturated with a sense of pleasure; and he shrunk from pain, either endured or inflicted, as an anomaly in nature. But there was no sternness of principle to keep all these gifts from running to waste.

There is a period in the life of such beings as these, when all the possible perfections of humanity seem invested in them; they have a richness and ripeness peculiar to themselves; but they "hold in perfection but a little moment;" they have no principle of endurance within them, and they shrink from pain, which is the secret source of all the excellence that is manifested in the world. They are cowards at heart, and cowardice is the root from which all base and craven deeds spring.

A CHURCHMAN.

John Paul Gregory Marston had prospered in the world since last we met with him. He had become rich by the death of various relatives, he had risen in the Church, and contrived to make himself much more comfortable in it than ever he had expected. His talents for business, his love of bustle and excitement, his genius for managing his own intrigues and those of other people, had recommended him to the attention of the higher powers. Though English, he liked neither the country nor the customs; Italy was his delight. He had sufficient credit to get himself appointed one of the resident bishops in Rome; and he was often employed on secret missions and in various confidential affairs.

He was as great an *athée* as ever; but instead of ridiculing the Church and her doctrines as formerly, he now spoke of sacred matters with the most scrupulous and decorous consideration: in fact, he felt it incumbent upon him to treat with respect a Church which had behaved so exceedingly well towards him. He contrived to enjoy almost unrestrained licence of conduct, so that the fierce and terribly sincere invectives which formerly used to break from him, were not now needed as a relief to the unbearable constraint of his profession. He never disguised from himself that he was a hypocrite and a profligate, but he did not consider it necessary to take the whole world into his confidence. His self-complacency was not in the least ruffled by the consciousness that he was a hireling, body and soul; on the contrary, he felt a real satisfaction in forcing those who he knew saw into his real character, to treat with him as an honest man. He never attempted to put a varnish of integrity on his own conscience, for a villainous sort of sincerity lurked there in spite of all his sins; but he would tolerate nothing short of the most immaculate reputation from the world. There was a tacit conviction on the mind of every body who knew him, and nobody could say they were exactly imposed upon, yet no one spoke ill of him; his great ability was a safe common ground on which all his debateable qualities were merged. After all, when a man is endowed with real strength of character, when he is able and decided in all he undertakes, has an object and pursues it (no matter whether the object be good or bad), he is to be recognised as a man of character, and he is one who has the stuff of virtue in him, though it may be shewn in a perverse sort of fashion. Strength is the main element of virtue. The very wickedness of a steady purposed, strong minded man, is worth more than the virtuous tendencies of a weak one, that never grow to be actions, but are mere feeble indications; they have no principle within them, and the merest accident may convert them into active vices. Weakness is the only state for which there is no hope, either for this world or the world to come.

John Paul Gregory was certainly not to be called a good man, but he had the seeds of redemption within him.

*Life at Full Length; or Men and Things as they are, as they are not, and as they ought to be: consisting of comical Fictions and Facts undisguised.* By MARK MERRIVANE. In three vols. London, 1845.

THERE is one thing more tedious than a twice told tale, and that is a story which strains after the funny, and pains the reader by its convulsive efforts to raise a laugh. As its title would indicate, such a work is *Life at Full Length*, consisting of fictions that are *not* comical, and facts that are disguised. It may be described as a collection of very broad caricatures, rudely sketched, and offensive both for their subjects and for the manner of the painting. Altogether it is a foolish, flimsy production, calculated for none but depraved and vulgar tastes; to read it would be a sheer waste of time, and to order it a waste of money. We advise our readers to do neither.

*The Chevalier; a Romance of the Rebellion of 1745.* By Mrs. THOMSON, Author of "Widows and Widowers," &c. In three vols. Bentley, 1844.

FROM the number of historical romances continually making their appearance, it might be supposed as easy as it certainly is a favourite form of fiction; but when it is seen how few of all the multitude enjoy even a temporary success, it will be apparent that authors are deceived in their estimate of its difficulties, and that to master it demands a vigour of imagination and a certain largeness of mind rarely to be found, and, wanting which, failure is inevitable.

Mrs. THOMSON is one of the school of historical romancers; she has not been among the least successful; her fictions have enjoyed a certain fame, have been admitted into the circulating libraries, borrowed, read, and given place to the next new novel. *The Chevalier* may expect neither a worse nor a better fate than its predecessors. It has the same defects, the same merits. It cannot hope to live beyond the season, but, through the season, it will take its turn with its compeers, and be laid aside with them.

The title-page immediately suggests the "raw material" of the romance, out of which the novelist has woven the web of her story. The chevalier is the centre round whom all the rest revolve; but he is eminent only for his position, not in himself. The real characters of the piece are Mrs. Skyring, and her friend Mr. Bramston, genuine old English Jacobites, as bigoted to their own opinions, and as intolerant of all others, as the most ardent admirer of things as they *were* could desire. The plot, which is sufficiently meagre, we will not venture to describe; it is not for this that Mrs. THOMSON is to be commended; she wants inventive powers to produce rapidly, and artistic skill to conduct naturally, incidents which may keep up the attention of the reader, and advance while they involve the story. Her *forte* lies in description, and especially of domestic and every-day life and of common-place persons; so that she is really greatest in the very parts of her story which she probably deems the least important. We can recommend *The Chevalier* to such circulating libraries as do not desire to be *very* select in their orders, and to such readers as are not compelled to restrict themselves to the *best* novels. It is a tolerable romance for a wet day.

*Hampton Court; or the Prophecy Fulfilled.* In three vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

As a general rule, novels, and indeed all other books *got up* for an occasion, are quackeries; show, and not substance, being the aim alike of author and publisher. We cannot say that *Hampton Court* is altogether an exception. It was suggested, as the writer admits, by the popularity of the place from which its name is borrowed; it was thought to be a *good spec.* to associate the title of a romance with a spot where throng an almost incredible number of persons, "a thousand a day passing, during the summer months, through the suite of twenty-four royal apartments." So the author set himself to the task of collecting the historical reminiscences of the place, and rummaging for ancient customs, and manners, and dresses, and decorations; and, having gathered a great heap of these, nothing remained but to frame a plot after the most approved fashion, with a certain number of characters supposed to be essential to romance, and with the aid of these convenient puppets, to introduce the scenery and machinery aforesaid.

But this latter feat was not so easy as the former, at least to our author. He has a keen eye for antiquities; a clear head for description of matters of fact; industry to grub for things hidden under dust and rubbish; but he is entirely wanting in imagination; and, unfortunately, imagination is essential to the construction and the conduct of a romance. Hence is *Hampton Court*, albeit a learned and laborious production, a remarkably dull one, having, in truth, little more claim to the character of a romance than so many volumes of the Proceedings of the Antiquarian Society. For a hero, the redoubted General MONK is taken; and for a heroine the Lady MIRANDA, daughter of Lord HERTFORD; but MONK is also adored by one Miss PHELPS, a young lady in humble life, whose passion he treats with contempt, and in the end he cuts them both, and marries his laundress. The villain of the romance is Sir JOHN DENHAM, immortalized by POPE, and the comings and goings of these and the subordinates to and from Hampton Court, afford the author the desired opportunity for introducing the stores of his common-place book.

As a romance it is an utter failure; but there is some compensation in many curious and doubtless accurate pictures of times past, which are drawn with minuteness, and described with a sort of eloquence that hides the rust of the antiquarian. Moreover, when the author is required to narrate a scrap of real history, he does so with a zest and a success that shews how he has mistaken his forte in attempting romances, and leads us to hope that if he will give us a book in which facts only are handled and fiction eschewed, it will be a useful accession to the historical literature of his country. But *Hampton Court* is, as we have said, a failure, and we cannot recommend it to the regards either of librarian or reader.

*The Betrothed Lovers. A Milanese Story of the Seventeenth Century; with the Column of Infamy.* By ALESSANDRO MANZONI. In three vols. London, 1845. Longman and Co. ANOTHER translation of the delightful romance of MANZONI, but published in the legitimate shape of three volumes, being thereby fitted for the circulating library, a fate which Mr. BURNS's two drawing-room-table volumes, noticed a few weeks ago, were much too delicate to endure. This translation appears to have been executed with care, and it possesses the merit of being rendered into English (to use the good old term) by the transference of the spirit of the original; it is not merely done into English, as schoolboys translate, word for word; hence it has the ease and freedom of an original composition.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Oracles from the Poets: a fanciful Diversion for the Drawing Room.* By CAROLINE GILMAN. New York and London, 1844. Wiley and Putnam.

THE idea of this volume is excellent, and the execution unexceptionable. It has often surprised us, when listening to the stupid fortune-telling cards introduced to break the tedium of a dull party in a drawing-room where dancing is not patronized, that some ingenious personage should not have taken pity upon the grown-up children who thus try to think themselves amused, and constructed a series of questions and replies that should at least possess the attractions of common sense, if not of wit and poetry. We have at last received from America such an attempt, and it is entirely successful.

Mrs. GILMAN has supplied to each of the favourite questions a collection of replies, extracted from the British and American poets, chosen, for the most part, with an eye to their intrinsic beauty as well as their aptitude to the query; and from their number, and the variety of sources from which these replies are taken, the volume must have been the labour of many months.

In this volume fourteen questions are answered, but another is promised with a completion of the current catechism. An instance or two will exhibit the happy choice of the compiler.

To the question, "What is your character?" put to a gentleman, these are some of the answers:—

You are one  
Who can play off your smiles and courtesies  
To every lady, of her lap-dog tired,  
Who wants a plaything. SOUTHEY.

You act upon the prudent plan,  
Say little and hear all you can—  
Safe policy, but hateful. COWPER.

A right tender heart,  
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,  
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty. ROWE.

And there are sixty answers equally apt with these to that single question.

The query, "What gratifies your taste or affections?" leads to some very singular replies. To wit:—

Give all things else their honour due,  
But gooseberry pie is best. SOUTHEY.

Oh! sweeter than the marriage feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to thee,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company. COLERIDGE.

A wheel-footed studying-chair,  
Contrived both for toil and repose,  
Wide-elbow'd and wadded with care,  
In which you both scribble and doze. COWPER.

Lighted halls,  
Cramm'd full of fools and fiddles. R. G. SANDS.

The amusement and real interest such a rational fortune-telling as this must excite in the family circle will be at once apparent.

In her preface, Mrs. GILMAN states some curious results of her researches into the works of the poets. In SHAKESPEARE she looked in vain for places of residence. In WORDSWORTH scarcely a flower or musical sound is described. SHELLEY, LONDON, and HOWITT, are eminently the poets of flowers; while DARWIN, with a whole *Botanic Garden* before him, and MASON, in his *English Garden*, scarcely supplied a single fitting extract.

MILTON and COLERIDGE were found very unprolific for her purposes, on account of the abstract and lofty flow of their diction. "KEATS and SHELLEY are the poets of the heavens." "BYRON, with few exceptions, does not describe a flower, a musical sound, or place of residence."

The volume is exquisitely printed and delicately bound for drawing-room use; and perhaps it is needless to add a recommendation to the description we have given of it, and which will be sufficient of itself to excite the reader's interest, and insure its introduction into the families of our friends. It is the very book for a present.

*The Last Rose of Summer: preserved for my Friends: or a Collection of small Poems.* By ROSE ELLEN H—. London, 1845. Kerr and Co.

It is difficult to understand the self-delusion that could lead the writer of such wretched compositions as are collected in these hot-pressed, gilded, and elegantly bound pages, to believe that they could otherwise than offend the taste of every person in whose hands they might chance to fall. But it is still more incomprehensible how, if a young lady were labouring under such a hallucination, her friends could be guilty of the egregious folly of permitting her to expose herself to the ridicule of her acquaintances, and of the formidable public tribunal to which she has dared to make appeal. Really in mercy to the unconscious victim, they who felt a regard for her ought to have interfered, for such an exposure as a book like this is a very serious thing: it sets a mark upon the author for life. If a young lady will write very bad verses, it is to be regretted like any other weakness; but provided they be carefully concealed in her desk, or at the furthest committed to the albums of herself and friends, into which nobody would now-a-days think of peeping, no great harm could come of it. Let her rush into print, however, and all is over; her weakness is proclaimed to the whole world; every "good-natured friend" is full of it; rivals make fun of her in absence, and they who flatter her with one side of the face are bursting with a laugh upon the other. She who might have passed through life as an amiable, quiet, respectable woman, becomes notorious only to be a mark for jests, and is looked at but to be laughed at.

Unpleasing as is this picture of the fate of a broken-down blue, it is right, as a warning to those who may chance to be contemplating a like hazard, that they should be made conscious of

their danger before the fatal step is taken, and therefore we deem that the critic acts unkindly as well as unfairly, who from compassion or gallantry withholds censure from books that deserve it, because the writers chance to be young or of the gentler sex. If reviewers would always do their duty sternly, and when a folly is perpetrated designate it by its proper name, they would spare many a pang to multitudes who, as the table of every literary journal can testify, encouraged by tenderness to others, commit themselves to the responsibilities of authorship without a single qualification to justify the presumption. But such shall not be the course of *THE CRITIC*. It is our purpose to tell the plain truth, however unpalatable, of any book submitted for notice, and we proceed to shew, by a few specimens, that we have not exceeded the truth in the judgment passed upon *The Last Rose of Summer*.

We have not to make search for proofs. Every page supplies them in abundance. We take at random.

The "Country Village" thus opens:—

O kindly muse, inspire this page,  
Give my pen the wisdom of age;  
O let me thus o'er scenery dwell,  
That scenic pow'r I feel so well;  
O let me for one moment drink  
*High pathos from this dark black ink.*

#### AN IMPROMPTU.

You tell me all wisely to walk,  
To stay at home and not to roam;  
I only say, more wisely talk,  
And also take the advice home.

Once more, if I live o'er my life,  
I shall not then quite meet your age;  
Then learn that youth feels not keen strife  
Until with years it has grown sage.

#### ON THE RUINS OF LEE CHURCH.

Old church, how oft within thy walls  
I've heard precepts so pure and good;  
How oft I've turn'd and pensive smiled,  
*So full with holy imbibed food!*

Some stanzas on "the Funeral Bell" thus commence:—

I heard it toll, I heard it toll,  
Slowly, slowly upon the breeze;  
The sound I follow'd, and there stole  
O'er me a feel like winter's freeze.

I saw the dark and nodding hearse,  
The horses with their plumed heads,  
And through my veins I felt rehearse  
*Within that bier a form is dead.*

But we might gather a hundred such. Lest, however, we tire the patience of our readers, we will take but one more.

#### TO A GENTLEMAN WHO QUIZZED ME FOR WRITING WITH BLUE INK.

Go quiz my ink, but do not frown  
On a colour of such renown;  
For I believe the pleasing hue,  
Some persons think types love's power true.  
I really hardly know thee well,  
But still I find I love blue well.

Go quiz my ink, and e'en my pen,  
And do not quiz my writings then,  
Nor let smiles hover round your lip  
When you this little poem sip,  
With blue I hope my pen was right  
This faulty volume to indite.

Go quiz my ink, but kindly look  
Upon my little Christmas book;  
For if you quiz, then, for your pain,  
I'll wish you an *anti-blue* brain;  
For well I know blue is the flood,  
Which quizzes best an episode.

We said this should be the last, but the very next page contains so rich a specimen of ROSE ELLEN's poetry, that we must quote it, at all hazards. It is entitled

#### WHAT IS AN AUTHOR?

An author—an *amphibious* one,  
Whose harp with many strings is strung,  
Who sleeps amid a heavy storm,  
And when it freezes feels quite warm,  
Who smiles when others are in grief,  
Whose pen gives his own heart relief,  
And yet I think it quite a treat  
When I can with an author meet.

Mankind his study he has made,  
And of felons he knows the trade,  
His high spirits ne'er seem to fail;  
*He flows on like the Dover mail.*

'Tis difficult sorrow to trace,  
Where narrative beams on the face.  
Oh! yes, I do think it a treat  
When I can with an author meet.

Does the reader confirm the verdict?

#### *The Night Watch. An Argument.* By RICHARD TROTT FISHER. London, 1845. Pickering.

EVERY new experiment but strengthens the proof that poetry is not the proper vehicle for argument. The attempt to mingle the language of two distinct mental faculties harms both: the poetry is spoiled by the logic, and the logic by the poetry. Hence it is that Mr. FISHER, who has a dash of the poetical in his composition, combined with a fair capacity for reasoning, has failed to produce in these pages a poem or an argument worthy of his actual ability in either walk. *The Night Watch* is simply a scientific theory which one gentleman submits to another, under the circumstances described in the opening:—

The sun was down, and as the timid moon  
Unveil'd her pale face to salute the night,  
Two travellers, who had toiled through the hot day,  
Stretched side by side upon a bank of heath  
Breathed welcome to the cool and tranquil hour.

It will be evident from these few lines that Mr. FISHER can write poetry, when he has a fit theme for it, and here and there through the argument are to be found passages that indicate taste and almost genius. But the spell of logical precision, so fatal to the vagueness that is an ailment of poetry, which should suggest to the imagination a great deal more than it says, is visibly, and sometimes painfully, paralysing upon the author of these pages. For instance, the following simile may be very apt, but it is very unpoetic. Thus he illustrates the attraction and repulsion of the particles of matter:—

So thou oft hast seen  
A hurried wheel cast off the clinging mire;  
Or when some damsel whirls her dripping mop,  
How the loose spray flies offward, faster still  
As she whirls faster.

Have we said enough?

#### *Napoleon: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Cantos.* By WILLIAM RICHARD HARRIS. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

A SUPERB volume! Its size, the imposing quarto; its paper of the finest; its typography, beautiful exceedingly; its binding gorgeous—whatever others could do to recommend the poet to purchasers has been done. He has been only wanting to himself.

The age of epics has past, nor is Mr. HARRIS destined to revive it. He wants the giant powers necessary to sustain that loftiest of compositions. Well may he confess to having greatly dared; in honesty it must be pronounced that he has not greatly done. *Napoleon* is not destined to survive the century of its birth.

The subject is unfortunate. The hero is too nearly associated with our own personal experiences; his story is mingled too much with the *realities* of life, to be a fit theme for epic poetry. NAPOLEON indeed is dead, but WELLINGTON lives. To our imagination he cannot, by any force of fancy, be presented other than in his peculiar hat, wearing a coat and trousers and Wellington boots, and there is a prejudice against the heroes of an epic being clothed like ourselves—it is too matter-of-fact, and shocks our notions of the heroic in *verse*. *Napoleon* will not be a fit subject for an epic for a century at least, nor could all the great genius of a MILTON make him such. It is no reflection on Mr. HARRIS that he should have failed utterly to effect what a MILTON would have essayed in vain.

But we fear that the qualifications are wanting in Mr. Harris for writing an epic on any theme, however excellent. He is rather a declaimer than a poet. He spins out thousands of lines unexceptionable in metre, flowing in language, but in *idea* common-place and prosaic. It is a metrical history rather than a poem, for we have looked in vain for bursts of poetry among the descriptions and speeches which might betray the presence of genius in the chronicler. Break up the arrangement in lines, and it might be read as respectable prose, nor would it be discovered that ever it had been intended for any



other purpose. In proof of this let the reader note the following lines :—

With skillful hand  
Napoleon ranges his artillery,  
Pointing two guns, whose well-directed fire  
May hold awhile in check the enemy,  
His fearless self-exposure wins the name  
Henceforth a watch-word through his armies known.  
One cries—" Behold our little corporal !"  
He, not displeased, smiles at the timely jest.

To our ear it sounds very *untimely*, and as out of place in a poem, as would be a flash of poetic inspiration in a jest book.

This is really not an unfair specimen of the manner of the epic ; it is thus that the story is carried along without the aid of fancy or imagination to throw a halo about common-place persons or things which, because familiar, seem to us mean. It is to be regretted that Mr. HARRIS should have wasted so much labour as he must have expended on this ponderous work, and pity it is he did not consult some judicious and truth-telling friend previous to incurring the cost of printing and binding so magnificently a poem which that friend would have told him possesses no intrinsic claims upon the respect of his contemporaries, and cannot hope successfully to appeal from their decision to posterity.

*Poems*, by the Hon. JULIA A. MAYNARD. London, 1845. Bowdery and Kerby.

To us, whose wearisome duty it is to turn from page to page, from volume to volume, of rhymed or rhymeless prose, in vain search after some effusion, be it but a stanza, or even a single line, that might indicate the presence of genius, it is pleasant to light upon a volume which, amid many defects, contains the spirit of poetry. Such an one is this submitted to our notice by the Hon. JULIA A. MAYNARD. We mean not to assert that it is in itself a production of very uncommon merit ; we value it more for what it promises than for what it performs ; it is welcome as evidence of the poetess's capabilities, provided she duly cultivate them. We regret, indeed, that she did not practise more before she published ; it would have been better for her future fame. Hasty superficial-seeming persons will be apt to glance at this volume, and finding in it obvious faults in manner, will be apt to throw it aside, without looking for the merits of the matter, as indeed has been already exhibited in its treatment by some of the critical authorities, as they are called, who review the *publisher*, and not the *book*.

The Hon. J. MAYNARD is obviously a pupil of the school of TENNYSON, and although she follows her master at a distance, still she *does* follow, and that not in faults only, but in his excellencies. We find here not alone the turn of language so remarkable in TENNYSON, but the turn of thought ; and as we hope speedily to prove, in substance, apart from expression, many of these poems are very much above the average, and some of them need but *mechanical* improvement to take a place among the beauties of British minstrelsy.

The faults are patent. The poems are not elaborated with enough of industry and patience. Our poetess has not sufficiently studied the art of *blotting*. Poetry requires to be written, and re-written, and laid aside, and revised, and polished, and often to be mercilessly committed to the flames, and recast from the mint of the mind, before it is fitted for the public eye. Errors in rhyme, rhythm, or metre, are inexcusable, and will be compensated by no intrinsic merit of the thought so deformed. The poetess should look carefully to this in a second edition, and ruthlessly expunge many a line and stanza, and even some entire poems, from a second edition, and revise all that remain with a purpose to alter every word that is not in itself the most apt to express her meaning. To illustrate our remarks, we take the very first poem in the volume, which is a sonnet, entitled

#### MOONLIGHT AT NAPLES.

How soft and pure the air ! The citron groves  
*Exude* a subtle fragrance : fainter far  
They scent the languid breeze beneath the star,  
Than when in broad mid-day their odour proves  
The richness of their blossoms ; Meek-eyed doves  
Are heard amid the pines, which ever are  
Dark contrast to bright greens, and never mar  
But *heighten the effect*, and fill the groves  
That *beautify the landscape*. Light and shade  
Enhance but one another, shewing clear

The depth and lightness they've together made,  
And the huge mountains, which bring up the rear,  
While in the wreathing clouds their summits fade,  
Below the blue sea-billows re-appear !

Now here is some very respectable poetry marred by some very unpoetical expressions. *Exude* is too fine ; *heighten the effect* is too common-place ; *beautify* is not yet good English. The last three lines are excellent, and would reflect credit on any writer.

It is provoking to find the same marring of good thoughts by the same neglect of trifles in every poem we light upon. Even the following has one, which our readers will readily detect :—

#### TO THE MOON.

Oh ! thou pale moon,  
Thou pale, pale orb, how like my heart thou art,  
Cold and phlegmatic in each dreary part !

Thou'lt leave us soon,  
And set to rise again ; no warmth can come  
Forth from thy regions drear, most chill home !

Thou'rt pale as she,  
Oh ! pensive moon, as she, my only love,  
Whom with my tears and prayers I fain would move !  
White sovereignty  
Of night, when feverish I lie awake,  
Full through my lattice panes thy mild beams break !

Thou'rt beautiful  
Ethereally, most beautiful—I burn  
To see thy pure, calm, holy light return.

Thou'rt never dull,  
Save when the cloud sweeps drifting o'er thy disc,  
And the bold mariner knows greater risk.

Fair orb of night,  
Sweet the transition from the glaring day  
To the calm lustre of thy liquid ray ;

All love thy light,  
Who love fair nature in her sweetest guise,  
Fair moon, I pray thee, oh ! again arise !

*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare.* With Notes. By CHARLES LAMB. Vol. II. London, 1844. T. Moxon.

We have already noticed the first volume of this cheap and elegant edition of a book which abounds in more gems of poetry than any equal number of pages in our library. This one completes the work, and Mr. MOXON's enterprise has placed it within the reach of all classes.

*Esther ; a Sacred Drama.* By the Rev. JOHN SANSOM, B.A. Hatchard and Son, 1845.

" It has been the writer's aim," says the Preface, " in the following composition, not more to imitate some of those beautiful models of poetry which occur in the sacred writings, than to *embody*, as far as possible, so much of their sublime sentiments and imagery as appeared to him capable of being adapted to his subject."

In this we think Mr. SANSOM has erred. A poet should cautiously avoid borrowing either his sentiments or imagery, especially from a source so familiar to all readers as the Bible, and for this obvious reason, that it is not likely he could express them better than they are conveyed in the original, and people do not read a volume of poems to see the same thoughts as they may find better, or even as well, embodied elsewhere. Therefore we hold the claim preferred by Mr. SANSOM to be not merely invalid, but evidence against himself.

But he shall not be judged out of his own lips. Let us turn to the poem thus introduced. *Esther* is a sacred drama, suggested, probably, by HANNAH MORE, or MILMAN. It is smoothly and fairly written ; there are no glaring faults of language, versification, or sentiment. The author is skilled in the *art* of poetry, master of its *dialect*, and, tried by its *sound*, this would be pronounced an excellent poem. But if we dig below the surface for the thoughts so pleasantly conveyed, nothing can we find that deviates from common-place. We have turned over the leaves with some attention to the type, and we have not lighted upon one *original idea*. And this reminds us of a hint which we should like to convey to all poets transmitting volumes for review :—will they score with a pencil in the margin such passages as they deem to be *original* ; that is, such as contain ideas that have in them *both* poetry and novelty ; for, unless there be a fair sprinkling of such, they

may be assured that no volume of poems is worth publishing or reading. The exercise will be good for them, for it will be a lesson in self-knowledge, and certainly they will spare to the reviewer much trouble, and to themselves much vexation.

### EDUCATION.

*Further Consideration of the University System of Education, in a Letter to the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. JAMES HILDYARD, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College. London, 1845. J. W. Parker.

A FRACTION of our present readers (for since that period the circle of THE CRITIC's friends has been mightily enlarged) will, doubtless, remember a review of Mr. HILDYARD's first pamphlet on this important subject. It is continued in the little pamphlet now upon our table, in which he sets himself to point out the remedial measures by which the evils described in his former letter might be abated, and the University placed on a more practical and efficient basis of education than at present. To make these intelligible, he considers University education as compounded of *three* elements; 1st, the instruction furnished to the students by the college tutors and lecturers; 2nd, that supplied by the University professors; 3rd, that obtained from private tutors; of these *two* have the sanction of authority, *one* has not. The reforms he proposes, and for which he adduces many conclusive arguments, are thus stated in a summary at the close of the epistle:—

First, That important assistance might be advantageously brought into play, towards the better education of our students, by calling in the co-operation of, and giving increased efficiency to the invaluable services already at our disposal in the great and talented body of University Professors.

Secondly, I have ventured to express an opinion, that a more liberal and *comprehensive* system of examination than at present might be usefully and easily adopted for the *general* class of students who resort to our University for the purposes of education.

Thirdly, That a very considerable increase in the body of tutors, lecturers, and assistant lecturers in the colleges, is peremptorily needed; and a proportionate subdivision or classification of the several students, in order that reasonable attention may be paid to the various requirements and capacities of each:—in fact, that all which is really *worth* preserving under the present private tutor system, should be supplied as it might, and ought to be, *within* the colleges, by additional assistants being found to the existing staff of college tutors or lecturers, under whatever title it might be judged best to designate this newly created body.

And, lastly, that while one *nominal* sum, and that certainly no unreasonable one, is authoritatively exacted of the students for the professed object which draws them to the University, they should not afterwards be subjected to, what in this case becomes nothing less than an extortionate demand, the additional payment of *five* times that sum at the least, for what ought to have been included (if *needful* for them) under the article originally charged for by the name and title of *tuition*; or, if *not needful* for them, ought to be sternly and forcibly prohibited by legislative interference.

If these propositions interest, as they cannot fail to do, not a few of our readers in the Universities and out of them, we recommend them to Mr. HILDYARD's pamphlet for all that is to be urged in their favour.

*Sketches of Nature: comprising Views of Zoology, Botany, and Geology, illustrated by Original Poetry.* By JANE LUCRETIA GUINNESS, author of Sacred Portraiture and other poems. London. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE plan of this volume is to describe in plain prose and in a familiar style fitted for the capacities of young persons, the most striking features of the sciences of zoology, botany, and geology, interspersing description with original poems.

It must be admitted that the prose is better than the poetry, and the volume would have been more acceptable had the latter been entirely omitted. The authoress has the happy art of making her meaning readily intelligible to the minds of children, and especially of picturing objects by words, and exciting curiosity for further research. We have seldom seen a book that conveys so much pleasing instruction in so agreeable a form, and it is a pity that the reader's satisfaction with

the sensible prose should be marred by the introduction of indifferent poetry. We would earnestly recommend the authoress to expunge the verse from the next edition. It should be added that the volume is beautifully printed, and illustrated by some very clever engravings on wood.

*The Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names, &c.* By THOMAS SWINBURNE CARR, King's College School. London. Simpkin and Marshall.

"THE object of this publication is to determine the pronunciation of Classical Proper Names solely on the basis of *classical authority*."

The utility of such a work is evident, provided it be well executed, and the plan of this appears to be both novel and excellent. It is, of course, in the form of a dictionary. The proper name is given, with its accent; then some line of poetry in which it occurs, with the authority; or, if there be none, the definition of the word in English, and the word itself in its own language. To this is added an appendix of Scripture proper names carefully accented. The volume will be a useful addition to those books of reference with which every library ought to be well supplied.

### PERIODICALS.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for January.* Tait, Edinburgh.

TAIT has many claims upon the reader's attention. Not only is it the *cheapest* of the magazines, offering, for a shilling, very nearly, if not quite, as much matter as do its contemporaries for half-a-crown; but its contents are remarkable for the good taste with which they are selected, the ability with which they are written, and for a certain *readableness* (to coin a word which can alone express our meaning), the precise nature of which it is difficult to define, though it will at once be recognized by all accustomed to the perusal of its pages. *Tait*, more than any English magazine, possesses the faculty of mingling the instructive with the amusing in such judicious proportions as to avoid dullness on the one side and frivolity on the other; and throughout there is a substratum of good sense which never fails to impress the reader with the self-satisfying consciousness that the time spent over its columns has not been wasted.

And here we may note how vastly, in this respect, all the Scotch periodicals excel our own. Compare the London magazines with those of Edinburgh, and what a contrast do they present! Ours are, for the most part, very brainless productions; their materials flimsy and frivolous in the extreme wherever the editor's aim at what is called light literature, and ponderous and dull to wearisomeness whenever they attempt the didactic. Certainly English authors have not the happy power, that seems to be instinctive with Scotchmen, of mingling gaieties and gravities, dashing light literature with some grains of wisdom, relieving wisdom by an easy manner of handling it, and bringing plain good sense to preside over all.

Now *Tait's Magazine* presents in perfection these characteristics of Scotch periodicals, and hence its great and deserved popularity. It is the only magazine which we always read right through without skipping an article.

But it has a peculiar feature for which it has acquired a reputation, and which has been nowhere beside successfully imitated, though many have made the attempt. This is a certain happy knack of analysing new books of special interest, giving to the reader the marrow and substance of them, so that one obtains all we want to know about them, without the trouble of going through the volumes. This is most remarkably seen in the analyses of the new novels, in which the writer contrives, with singular ingenuity, so to preserve the chain of the story, and with such good judgment to make his extracts, that it becomes a substitute for the book, and affords as much pleasure in the perusal. The number before us analyses in this pleasant fashion *Roberts's Life of the Duke of Monmouth*, and we have attempted in THE CRITIC, we hope not quite unsuccessfully, in our notice of this very work, to follow the example of *Tait*, it being a rule with us never to permit pride to prevent our adoption of whatever good teaching may offer to us in any quarter. The original articles in this number are a tale by Mrs. JOHNSTONE, called *Nighean Ceard*; or the

*Goldsmith's Daughter*; the continuation of a clever and interesting sporting novel, by Mr. John MILLS, entitled *Our Hearth and Homestead*; an Essay, with translations, on *Dante and Beatrice*; a chapter from a delightful *Life and Correspondence of Niebuhr the Historian*; and some *Letters from Naples*, which will be read with great interest. Besides these, there is original poetry, to our taste always the least attractive of *Tait's* bill of fare, and a literary register. Having thus, for the first time, introduced *Tait* to such of the readers of THE CRITIC as may not be familiar with its excellencies, we shall, in future, as the numbers appear, limit our notice to the contents. These general remarks will be excused on a first interview.

*The Horticultural Magazine.* Introductory Number. Houlston.

A SPECIMEN of a new periodical, which promises to be more practical than any of its contemporaries, dedicated to the science of gardening. It is truly observed that the principal deficiency of such works is the treatment of every subject as if the reader was already initiated in the art. The design of *The Horticultural Magazine* is to write as if the reader knew nothing about the subject, and it is the only safe mode of composing a treatise for popular instruction. Indeed, in almost all books authors err in presuming that their readers are better informed than in truth they are, and then starting far before them instead of beginning with the beginning. The contents of this specimen promises a *useful* addition to the library of the amateur gardener.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*The Book of the Bastilles; or the History of the Working of the New Poor Law.* By G. R. WYTHEN BAXTER, Author of "Humour and Pathos," &c. London, Stephens.

THIS ponderous volume is prefaced by a portrait of the compiler, a species of vanity in a gentleman whose fame is yet to be achieved, which throws unpleasant doubts over his good sense, a quality especially requisite in the composition or compilation of books intended to assail some great national establishment. If, therefore, Mr. BAXTER's huge volume had been a treatise, or ought in the shape of a treatise, upon the subject set forth in its title-page, his portrait would have been such *primâ facie* evidence against his capacity to grapple with it, that few would have been inclined to proceed further with its perusal. Such, however, is not the character of the *Book of the Bastilles*. It is not an essay, but a collection of all the cases, articles, and speeches which have appeared in the newspapers (chiefly in the *Times*) reflecting upon the Poor Law, its administration, its administrators, and its supporters. The labour expended upon the work must have been enormous; we question much whether it be worth the pains it cost. It may be deemed a sort of set-off against the volumes of the Commissioners which revealed the atrocities, the cruelties, the hardships, the wrongs inflicted upon the poor under the *old* poor law, and which it was the purpose of the new one to remedy. That it has failed fully to effect its objects, this great book bears proof; in these pages there is evidence, if any were wanting, how impossible in aught of human devising, is perfect excellence; how, when we try to cure one ill we frequently make another. Nevertheless, few candid persons, certainly none who had any practical experience of the actual working of the old law, will be inclined to deny that, with all its admitted imperfections, the new poor law is a vast improvement upon the system it superseded. Its mischiefs are many and great, but they are less multitudinous, less terrible, than those which prevailed under its predecessor. In forming a comparative estimate of the two systems it must be borne in mind that the public attention was never directed to the old one, whose abuses were scattered over the whole face of the country, and passed unknown and unrebuked; whereas the new one, being a system based upon responsibility, every case of hardship and wrong that occurs in it is known, published, commented on, and redressed. This, of itself, is a vast advantage, and should help to reconcile opponents. It is remarkable that of the many who have spoken and written against the New Poor Law no one has even

ventured explicitly to state the scheme he would substitute for it. Nor does Mr. BAXTER attempt this; and until he does so he will preach in vain to his countrymen, who are a practical business-like people, and require of those who complain of an existing institution that they propose a better before they will help them to destroy that which has at least the merit of being in actual use. For these reasons Mr. BAXTER's book appears to us very worthless, because very *unpractical*. It is simply *destructive*, and that is not the sort of argument to suit Englishmen, and it is especially distasteful to YOUNG ENGLAND, who prefers the *practical* to the theoretical—the *constructive* to the *destructive*.

#### RELIGION.

*Sketches of the Reformation and Elizabethan Age, taken from the Contemporary Pulpit.* By the Rev. JOHN OLIVER WILLYAMS HAWES, M.A. London, 1844. Pickering.

THE design of this curious and interesting volume is to convey some notion of the preachers, as well as to present sketches of the times, of the Reformation in England, and this is effected by the happy contrivance of making the spectators of, and actors in, the drama, tell their own story, narrate their own experiences and impressions, and so bring before the modern reader "the very age and body of the time, its form, and pressure," in preference to a reflex of them after they have undergone the transmutation which occurrences of long ago, especially when they affect questions on which men feel strongly, never fail to revive in the mould of a modern historian's mind; or, as the editor of this volume has well expressed it, his purpose is "to shew their conceptions of what they saw, rather than mine of what I read of."

Mr. HAWES has arranged his extracts in chapters, each devoted to a particular topic, and he has strung them together with notes of his own composition either explanatory of the theme, descriptive of the preacher, or relating so much of the history of the times as is necessary to make the allusions of the preacher intelligible to modern readers. Thus, the introductory chapter contains some excellent remarks upon pulpit oratory and its influence in England; on the mutability of religious institutions, and the necessity for reformations and so forth. The Sermons at Paul's Cross, occupy the second chapter, and successive ones are devoted to the various subjects of the Education and Preferments of the Parochial Clergy and their social positions; the Itinerant Preachers; the Church and the Congregation; the state of public morals under Edward; the state of morals under Elizabeth; the Preachers and the Papists; the English Schisms; Superstitions of the Reformation; Usury; Fasting; the State of the Poor, and Funeral Sermons. Thus it will be seen that there is enough of variety, and the reader will be astonished at the amount of stirring, impassioned, genuine eloquence contained in this volume, often, indeed, coarse and unpolished, but always effective. Mr. HAWES has performed his part with good taste; he has selected well, and his own commentaries are not the least useful or attractive of the contents of the volume.

The site of Paul's Cross often suggested a striking illustration to a preacher. "The audience of the dead bodies under your feet," cried one, "is as great, and greater—as good, and better than you!" Here was the scene of many strange sermons. Here Dr. BARNES thus attacked the Bishop of Winchester for a sermon he had preached in Lent, 1541.

"In the process of which sermon he proceeding and calling out Stephen Gardiner by name to answer him, alluded in a pleasant allegory to a cockfight, terming the said Gardiner to be a fighting cock, and himself another; but the Garden cock he said lacked good spurs," [a very sad mistake, as poor Barnes found] "objecting, moreover, to the said Gardiner, and opposing him in his grammar rules: thus saying, that if he had answered him in the schools so as he had there preached at the Cross he would have given him six stripes; declaring, furthermore, what evil herbs this Gardiner had set in his garden."

Stranger scenes still were enacted there.

#### PENANCE AT PAUL'S CROSS.

On the 8th of March, 1556, while a doctor preached at the Cross, a man did penance for transgressing Lent, holding two pigs ready dressed, whereof one was upon his head, having bought them to sell. At others, the penances performed by persons



standing before the preacher outside the pulpit, on a platform, which enabled him to look over their heads, and be sufficiently near to strike them with a rod, must have called up too mingled feelings to determine which preponderated. Thus, in February, 1556, Mr. Peryn, a black friar, preached at Paul's Cross, at whose sermon a priest, named Sir Nicholas Sampson, did penance, standing before the preacher with a sheet about him, and a lighted taper in his hand. The man's crime was a rather too strenuous and practical protest against clerical celibacy. He had two wives. Thus also at a later period seminary priests would read their recantations, when the rack or the gibbet overcame their constancy.

The chapter on the state of the poor thus temperately treats of the

#### MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

It was not, however, as serving the purposes of hospitality, nor as keeping the country in cultivation, which would otherwise have lapsed, as shortly afterwards it did, into sheep-walks and forests, that the best ordered monasteries conferred the greatest benefits on society. Situated, as they commonly were, in places far distant from the haunts of men, they acted as dispersers of population—they checked the increase of great cities, and gathering round them settlements of their own tenants, they gave a value to lands they occupied. Having freely received, they let their estates at low rents, securing an abundant profit to the farmer, and enabling him to maintain his labourers in comfort, and when old age or misfortune overtook individuals of either class, they might come to the abbey gate and receive no niggard charity, or enter its cloister, and smile at the anxieties that once they wept over.

That such a picture was sometimes realized few will doubt; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that it was sufficiently common to make it true that the monasteries sustained the burthen of the poor. Many of them were themselves supported by mendicity, and others, by indiscriminate alms-giving and hospitality encouraged a class of vagrants which the law found it difficult to control. At the same time they did enough to be regretted when they were no more; and the vindictive manner in which this acknowledgment was sometimes conveyed, renders it more worthy of an enlarged construction. "If ye were not stark blind," says Lever, preaching at the Cross in 1550, "ye would see and be ashamed, that whereas fifty tun-bellied monks given to gluttony fill their paunches, kept up their house, and relieved the whole country round about, then; there one of your greedy guts devouring the whole house, and making great pillage throughout the country, cannot be satisfied." Indeed, although the legislature had affected to provide for the support of the houses which had been alienated from the church, the fortunate holders almost invariably disobeyed the spirit of the law. "Many for fear of the statute kept up houses, but as for the householding, they maintain it so that neither mouse nor sparrow will abide there."\* Before the dissolution of the monasteries, however, pauperism, which had long solicited aid from the piety of the country as a humble suppliant, began to demand it from her fears as a strong man armed.

The concluding chapter, on funeral sermons, supplies some very fine passages, from which we must be content with taking one only. It is from HOOKER; and with this magnificent burst of eloquence we must reluctantly conclude our notice of a volume which will be an acquisition to the religious family library.

Naming patience, I name that virtue which only hath power to stay our souls from being over excessively troubled; a virtue wherein if ever any, surely that soul had good experience, which extremity of pains having chased out of the tabernacle of this flesh, angels, I nothing doubt, have carried into the bosom of her father Abraham. The death of the saints is precious in his sight, and shall it seem unto us superfluous at such times as these are, to hear in what manner they have ended their lives? The Lord himself hath not disdained so exactly to register in the Book of Life, after what sort his servants have closed up their days on earth, that he descendeth even to their very meanest actions; what meat they have longed for in their sickness; what they have spoken unto their children, kinsfolks, and friends; where they have willed their dead carcases to be laid; how they have framed their wills and testaments; yea, the very turning of their faces to this side or that, the setting of their eyes, the degrees whereby their natural heat hath departed from them; their cries, their groans, their pantings, breathings, and last gaspings, he hath most solemnly commended unto the memory of all generations. The care of the living both to live and die well must needs be somewhat increased when they know that their departure shall not be folded up in silence; but the ears of many be made acquainted with it. Again, when they hear how mercifully God

hath dealt with others in the hour of their last need, besides the praise which they give to God, and the joy which they have, or should have, by reason of their fellowship and communion of saints, is not their hope also much confirmed against the day of their own dissolution? Finally, the sound of these things doth not so pass the ears of them that are most loose and dissolute of life, but it causeth them some time or other to wish in their hearts, oh! that we may die the death of the righteous, and that our end might be like his! Howbeit, because, to spend herein many words would be to strike even as many wounds into their minds, whom I rather wish to comfort; therefore, concerning this virtuous gentlewoman only this little I speak, and that of knowledge, she lived a dove, and died a lamb. And if, amongst so many virtues, hearty devotion to God, towards poverty tender compassion, motherly affection towards servants, towards friends ever serviceable kindness, mild behaviour, and harmless meaning towards all; if, where so many virtues were eminent, any be worthy of especial mention, I wish her dearest friends of that sex to be her nearest followers in two things: silence, saving only where duty did exact speech; and patience, even then, when extremity of pains did enforce grief. Blessed are they that die in the Lord. And concerning the dead which are blessed, let not the hearts of any living be over-charged with grief, nor over-troubled.

*An Apology for the Greek Church; or, Hints on the Means of Promoting the Religious Improvement of the Greek Nation.* By EDWARD MASSON, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Areopagus, &c. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. S. HOWSON, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1844. Hatchard and Son.

THE editor informs us in his Preface that he made acquaintance with the author during a visit paid to Athens last winter, and that he found him peculiarly well informed upon all matters relating to the Greek Church. The friendship there contracted resulted in the introduction by Mr. HOWSON of Mr. MASSON's letters on that church to the notice of the English reader.

The writer entertains sanguine hopes of good results from missions in Greece, but he contends that they must adhere to the principle of non-interference, trusting to the spread of truth by its own merits for ultimate success. He says that the Greeks are strongly prejudiced in favour of their own church, and have a great dread of schism. But they are zealous for education; seek enlightenment; look forward with confidence "to something brilliant that awaits their nation;" and are devoted admirers of civil liberty and free institutions. With such tendencies every thing is to be hoped for, provided their prejudices be not rudely assailed. The design of this pamphlet is to explain the author's reasons for believing, *first*, that the complete regeneration of the Greek Church is perfectly compatible with the integrity of her standards; *second*, that the principles of the Protestant Reformation and Eastern Orthodoxy are identical; and, *lastly*, that the most efficacious means Protestants could employ to promote the revival of pure and practical christianity in Greece, are such as the Greeks themselves, both clergy and laity, would cordially approve.

These are bold and novel propositions; but the author supports them with great power of argument, and his experience entitles his opinions to respect: for the manner of his doing it we must refer the reader to the pamphlet, which will reward perusal.

*A Concise View of the Doctrine of the Church of England as to the validity of Lay Baptism, including also that by Heretics and Schismatics, intended for the use of young Clergymen.* By the Rev. A. T. G. MANSON, B.C.L. &c. London, 1844. Rivingtons.

THIS pamphlet appears to have been called forth by the recent decisions of the ecclesiastical courts enforcing the duty of clergymen to bury persons baptized by laymen. Its object is stated to be to shew that this decision is not opposed to the doctrine of the church, and thus to quiet the scruples of many young clergymen who feel their legal duties and consciences at issue upon this question. The author prudently limits his argument to the *validity* of lay-baptism, offering no opinion upon its *efficacy*, or "the precise amount of spiritual privilege which it may confer," frankly confessing himself unqualified to discuss that point. He hopes, he says, so to convince his young readers that they may be "content with himself to

\* Chedsey's Sermon, 1545.

obey the laws of their church as they find them, and by them he hopes to shew that baptism, once rightly administered by a layman, even though he be a heretic or schismatic, is so valid that it ought not to be repeated." In a subsequent part of his preface, he vindicates the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Courts.

It is a rule with us never to offer an opinion of our own upon the principles asserted in any religious publication, our single intent being to record their appearance and subjects, so as to give our readers such a description of the design as may permit a judgment to be formed if that design be one with which they may wish to form a further acquaintance.

In pursuance of this rule we have now only to say of the little work before us, that the remainder of it is devoted to the furtherance of the object we have described, and that the discussion appears to be conducted with much ability and commendable temper.

*Practical Sermons, adapted to the Course of the Christian Year in the Book of Common Prayer.* By Dignitaries and other Clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland. Part I. London. Parker.

This publication cannot fail to be acceptable to members of the church; for though multitudes of sermons yearly issue from the press, few are worth the purchase. A miscellaneous collection contributed by various divines, but all inculcating the same doctrines and tending to the same end, offers vast advantages over isolated publications, and the names that grace this first number of Mr. PARKER's enterprise are a pledge that the volumes will be a treasure-house of religious knowledge for family uses. This Part contains no less than six sermons, contributed by the Bishop of St. DAVID'S, the Dean of LICHFIELD, the Rev. Dr. COLERIDGE, the Rev. Dr. PARKINSON, the Rev. J. SLADE, and the Rev. H. ALFORD (the poet). All are sound, pious, and sensible; some are extremely eloquent compositions, proving that pulpit eloquence is not extinct among us, that there is in our church a vast amount of genius, which needs only to be known to be admired, and this publication cannot but tend to raise the church still higher in public estimation, by proving how able a band of ministers she can boast.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Nothing! In Rhyme and Prose.* By GEORGE BOLTON. London, 1845. Saunders and Oyley.

If Mr. BOLTON had consulted a judicious friend previously to rushing into print, he would have spared himself many mortifications which we fear await him from the critics. The compositions he has collected in this volume might have served pleasantly enough to wile away winter evenings in the writing of them: he might have read them, when written, to his own family, and they might have applauded. It is possible that a friend or two might have been prevailed upon to listen, with a bottle of best port by his side, and a good supper in prospect; but assuredly Mr. BOLTON will not collect an audience among the public, and pity 'tis that in evil hour he should have been tempted by a misleading ambition to have revealed the secrets of his study and exhibited his incapacity as an author. We do not mean to say that all in this volume is worthless—essay, poetry, tale, farce, and drama. Here and there we light upon a scrap of decent writing that might have found a favourable reception in the pages of a magazine, and not unlikely a portion of the papers may have been already offered to the world in that shape. We say only that they have not weight or worth enough to justify formal introduction in the imposing shape of a volume. The subjects have nothing to recommend them to notice, and the manner of their treatment does not add to their interest. Who could be expected to read 300 pages on such themes as "Dobbs and his Friends," "The Rival Swains," "Conjugal Chit-chat," "The Loves of John and Sarah, a Farce," "A Legend of Tooting," "The Tyrannical Reign of Nonsense," and so forth, unless they offered remarkable attractions for brilliancy of wit or novelty of thought or style; but these present only the veriest common-place, and Mr. BOLTON has called them *Nothing* with more truth than he suspects. We ask him, why trouble the

world with your nothings? It is a very busy world, and has a great deal too much to do to be playing with such trifles. The best article in the book is a tale called "The Burglars;" but dealing with our author as tenderly as justice to our readers will permit, we can only express our regret that he should have published at all, and so his best friends will tell him, and if he be young, he will one day admit that we are right, and number us among them.

#### REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

##### A LECTURE ON ART,

BY E. D. LEAHY, ESQ.

THE manuscript before us is the rough draft of a lecture sometime delivered at the Literary Institution, Brighton.

Had it no other demand on our attention than what arises from its being the composition of an artist, we should not intentionally overpass it; but when we call to mind the fact that it is the work of one whose talents as a painter have secured him, both in Italy and among ourselves, an enviable reputation, and whose opinion on such subjects is therefore valuable, its claims on our columns become irresistible.

Whatever may be the case in the instance of the exact sciences, whose technicalities, familiar to the adepts in them, require to be rendered in simple language, when laid before the public—which is ever best done by one who has recently had to master them—it is certain there are none so competent to lecture on the fine arts as their respective professors; and we further believe that if every Literary and Scientific society and Mechanics' Institute throughout the country were to secure such assistance, the diffusion of taste among the masses would be rapidly and beneficially extended, and the interest of Art materially furthered.

The aim of this lecture was to give a brief but succinct view of the history of painting from the earliest ages down to the present time. It will be seen that to do full justice to such a subject in the compass of a single lecture is impracticable; consequently the writer, moving rapidly onwards, has overpassed not a little that is required for a comprehensive view of the subject. His notice of Greek and Roman art is far less complete than he might have made it, without adding to the length of the lecture, had he been less minute in particulars that might excusably have been omitted. His sketch of the various schools of art in Italy to some extent redeems this error; it is spirited and truthful, and is marked by a happy discrimination of the peculiarities of each. We subjoin an extract:—

Wars and luxury having overthrown the Roman Empire, the arts were buried in its ruins.

At length Europe began to emerge from the clouds of ignorance and barbarism which had for a succession of ages repressed the energies and obscured the brightest faculties of the human mind.

The first rays of regenerating light beamed on the genial soil of Italy. That classic land responded to it at once, like the statue of Memnon to the morning sunbeams, and produced, as it were by simultaneous creation, a host of illustrious men, who quickly raised the Fine Arts to the highest degree of perfection. The barriers which generally retard the early progress of human intellect seemed to vanish before their mighty genius. Like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, their works issued from their hands in full maturity, and still exist equally to command the homage, and challenge the emulation of posterity. Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, and Correggio, are the glory of this period. From these emanated the different schools of art that have since acquired so much renown. The school of Florence has an indisputable title to the veneration of all lovers of the arts as the earliest established in Italy. It is remarkable for *greatness*; for attitudes seemingly in motion; for a certain dark severity; for an expression of strength, by which grace is almost entirely excluded, and for a character of design approaching to the colossal. The productions of this school may be considered overcharged, but it cannot be denied that they possess an ideal majesty, which elevates human nature above mortality, and commands admiration by its sublime conception and grandeur of design. Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo are the great heads of this school.

Michael Angelo was superior to Leonardo in boldness of conception and in correctness of drawing, but Leonardo surpasses him in the expression of the passions, and in the more engaging parts of the art. Leonardo possessed a fine imagination, was full of sensibility, and devoted himself in painting to express the affections

of the soul; and if in this sublime branch of the art he was afterwards surpassed by Raphael, he had, at least, the glory of pursuing a path which none before had attempted. His incomparable picture of the Last Supper (so well known by many engravings) was painted in the Church of the Dominicans at Milan, and must to the end of time display the elevated genius of its author.

Rubens, when studying the great masters of Italy, thus writes of it:—"Nothing escaped Leonardo that related to the expression of his subject; and by the warmth of his imagination, as well as by the solidity of his judgment, he raised divine things from human, and understood how to carry men through the different degrees that elevate them to the character of heroes. The Last Supper is the best of the examples he has left us, in which he represents the apostles in places suitable; but our Saviour is in the midst of all, the most honourable, having no figure near enough to press or incommode him. His attitude is grave, his arms are in a loose, free posture, to give the greater grandeur, while the apostles appear in agitation, by their vehement desire to know which of them should betray their master; in which agitation, however, not any meanness or indecent action can be observed. In short, he arrived at such a degree of perfection, that it seems impossible to speak so highly of him as he deserves, and much more impossible to imitate him."

Michael Angelo, formed less to appreciate the milder affections than the vehement passions, sought in nature what the strength of man might accomplish, not that which constitutes beauty. He was more a sculptor than a painter, for he entered with reluctance on those immortal works which he has left us in painting. His first great work in this noble art was the design so widely and honourably known under the name of the Cartoon of Pisa—which he painted in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. This work represents a number of soldiers bathing, and, on a sudden attack, leaping or rushing forward to arm and defend themselves. It conveys motion with surprising energy, and combines anatomical knowledge and greatness of design with impressive grandeur. He is the inventor of epic painting. In the sublime compartments of the Sistine Chapel, and the triumphant composition of the Last Judgment, over the altar of the chapel, in the same edifice, his greatness may be witnessed.

At the head of the Roman school is placed Raphael, styled "the divine" and "prince of painters." His early manner was dry and barren, like that of his master Perugino; but, after contemplating the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, which were then universally admired, he soon changed it for a better. He adopted the boldness of these great artists, and struck out a manner peculiar to himself and superior to all others (being full of grace, dignity, ease, and elegance), which he retained to the end of his life. From the period of adopting this improved style, every new work contributed to his renown and to spread his fame over Europe. Solicited by several monarchs to take up his residence at their courts, he preferred the "eternal city," and could not be prevailed upon to leave it; for where else but in ancient Rome, rich in the works brought from Greece or finished in its own bosom by Grecian artists, could he find such models for imitation? It was by the study of these precious remains that his taste, and, indeed, that of the Roman artists was formed; here they derived their knowledge of design, their gracefulness of form, and that justness of expression, which conveys emotion without marling beauty.

His greatest works are painted in fresco, and the cartoons or drawings at Hampton Court were designed to be worked in tapestry, and afterwards executed in fresco. This accounts for the disappointment of many who go to see them as paintings, and are not informed that they are but the designs made on paper, afterwards to be transferred to the walls of the Vatican at Rome.

Corregio was the father and greatest ornament of the Lombard school. No painter ever excelled him in grace or in expressing the delicacy of flesh; and his knowledge of light and shade is truly surprising. By the art of uniting light to light and shade to shade, he gave a roundness, a breadth, and a harmony to his groups that is great and enchanting. The cupola of the Cathedral of Parma is described as his most stupendous work, uniting with sublime conception of subject the art of foreshortening with perfect ease, in addition to his other excellencies.

His easel pictures painted in oil are now dispersed over Europe, and it reflects the highest honour on Parliament to have secured two of his most valuable paintings, which are thus become national treasures. One of these, the *Ecce Homo*, is a work of surprising merit. Few pictures produce on the spectator so powerful an impression as does this. It rivets the attention of all visitors to our national collection. Poignant grief was surely never more touchingly expressed than in the fainting figure of the Madonna. The blanched cheek and pallid lip bespeak the sorrow oppressing her heart.

Corregio, in his picture of the Shepherds' Offering, is the inventor of the happy thought of making the infant Saviour the

source of light. The principle has been adopted by succeeding painters, but with most success by the mysterious magic of Rembrandt, and in the Nativity of Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for the window of Christ's Church, Oxford.

## MUSIC.

### New Publications.

*Thirty Chants, selected from the best Composers, arranged for four voices; with an accompaniment for the Organ and Pianoforte; to which are added the Canticles of the Morning and Evening Services of the Church of England.* London. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE title-page of this publication sufficiently describes the nature of its contents. We can only add to it, that by the ingenious contrivance, quite new to us, of cutting the page between the music and the words, any of the words may be brought under any of the chants. The words are arranged so as to mark distinctly the two strains of the chant, indicated in the Prayer Book by a colon: to promote the recitation of the chant, the words or syllables on which the voice should slightly dwell are printed in *italics*, and it would be impossible for the duller comprehension to fail in preserving strict concord in the recitation of the sentence, so intelligible and unmistakeable are the signs by which it is directed.

This is by far the most valuable, because the most practical, collection of chants we have seen; it is especially adapted for family use.

*Standard Edition of Handel's Works. Deborah, arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte (with Vocal Score).* By G. PERRY. As performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. London, 1845. Surnum, 19], Exeter Hall, Strand.

It is falsely said by foreigners, and foolishly echoed by the brainless of our own people, that England has not a national music. Emphatically do we, on the part of YOUNG ENGLAND, deny the aspersion. England has a music of her own, stamped with her character, bearing the marks of its birthplace, which, wherever heard, could never be mistaken for the music of any other people. She possesses a secular music of which she has no need to be ashamed; she can boast a sacred music of which she may be proud. In this latter she excels any other nation for the grandeur of conception which has been displayed, and the fulness of harmony that has been attained. It may be a weakness in YOUNG ENGLAND to love its own land, its own people, too well, and to be a little prejudiced in favour of whatever is truly English; a fault it is with us we confess, though one that "leans to virtue's side." That weakness may somewhat cloud our judgment, but looking at this question with such impartiality as we can command, we must express our decided preference of the sacred music of England, of our cathedral services, of our oratorios, of our domestic hymn-books even, over the most famous of the masses we have heard in Germany or in Italy.

Holding English music in this high esteem, we cannot but welcome with delight the appearance of a standard edition of the works of HANDEL; for though that composer was not an Englishman by birth, it will scarcely be denied that his music is thoroughly English; here it was conceived; here it was composed; here it was produced and applauded, and here it has been held in esteem to this day with a popularity ever growing as time rolls on. To the Sacred Harmonic Society the public is deeply indebted, not only for having made them familiar with the greatest works of this great master; but for having produced them with a completeness of harmony and a swell of chorus such as the composer probably imagined in his dreams, but could scarcely have dared hope to be realized.

To the multitudes who have listened to the magnificent works of HANDEL in that Hall, the announcement of a correct edition of them, as there performed, will be right welcome; for though they cannot be heard in their perfection elsewhere, there is much in them that is within the reach of every family circle.

The performances of the Hall will be a lesson which the purchasers of this work will carry home, and apply to their own improvement; a measure by which they will try their own



progress in the mastery of the same music. Mr. PERRY has employed the most commendable diligence in the execution of his editorial duties. He has been careful in the correction of errors, and, above all, he has been particular not to depend upon mere comparison with other editions, which often are themselves imperfect, but he has sought the aid of his own ear and science, and permitted them to guide him when doubts arose. Thus has this been made the most perfect, as it is by far the cheapest, edition of HANDEL's works ever offered to the public; it has the best recommendation, as being that practically used in Exeter Hall; it is very neatly got up, and altogether will be a valuable addition to the musical library. As the future parts appear, we shall doubtless have repeated occasion to return to it; therefore we say no more of it for the present.

#### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

**A NEW COMPOSER.**—The French Newspapers give detailed accounts of the production of a new composition, the work of a young man hitherto unknown to the musical world. M. Félicien David, Maître de Chapelle at Aix, for two years pursued his studies under M. Fétis in the Conservatoire. After an extended tour in the East, he has returned to Paris, and brought with him, as the result of his travels, a symphony cantata, entitled the 'Desert.' This piece is divided into several movements, descriptive of the entrance to the desert, march of the caravan, the simoom, sun-rise and sun-set, Egyptian and Arabian airs, &c.: the whole concluding with a grand chorus to Allah. These movements are performed by the full orchestra, accompanied by solo voices and chorus, and the effect, even on the scientific Parisian public, was such as to exalt M. David from the rank of a comparatively unknown composer, to the highest place among his professional brethren. The 'France Musicale,' at the conclusion of a rhapsodical paragraph, exclaims—"Voilà de la musique saisissante et admirablement imitative. Beethoven et Rossini saluent un frère: Félicien David est digne de partager votre royauté."—Mr. Mitchell, the manager of the French plays at the St. James's Theatre, has engaged M. David to conduct this work during the course of the present season, and the curiosity excited amongst the English musicians to hear this novel production is naturally very great.

**SPOHR.**—Accounts from Cassel mention the production, on New Year's day, of a new opera, the composition of this eminent musician. The subject is founded on a play of Kotzebue's, entitled the 'Crusaders.' The success was most decided, Spohr was called twice before the curtain, and received with the greatest enthusiasm.

**MENDELSSOHN** is now residing at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he will remain for a year. He is employed on a new oratorio on the subject of Elijah, the words selected by the composer, chiefly from the Holy Scriptures.

**MDLLE. ROCKEL.**—This young lady, a niece of Hummel, and the god-daughter of the celebrated Sontag, has recently appeared at the Karlsruhe Opera House as *Annen* in the *Freischütz*, and with complete success. Mdle. Rockel is well known in London as a pianoforte player of great skill and brilliancy.

#### ART.

##### ANTIQUITIES OF LONDON.

HAVING been favoured with the privilege of inspecting a most complete and valuable series of drawings from the Antiquities in and around the Metropolis, we take occasion to notice them in these columns; and it should be understood that we do this less for the purpose of criticising a work which, though its owner is most liberal in affording access to it, cannot be termed *open to the public use*, than to put on record, for the benefit of future illustrators and historians, as safely as we can, the fact that such a collection exists; and because it affords us, at the same time, an opportunity of making some comment on the mistaken parsimony, or worse, the misjudgment of the authorities at the British Museum.

Apart from the many extrinsic circumstances which give value to antiquities, there is a tendency in civilized man to venerate the past, a curiosity to learn the form and other properties of the things which have preceded him,—for these supply the gauge by which he determines the difference between bygone ages and his own times; hence authentic representations of existing objects, handed down to posterity, when time and change have destroyed their originals, carry with them a value peculiarly their own. The drawings now under consideration are by Mr. J. W. Archer, of the New

Society of Painters in Water-colours—an artist who, for his zealous devotion to antiquities, and the congenial and appropriate feeling which he displays in his copies of them, stands unrivalled in this country. They comprise all the antiquities of value to be found in London (we were surprised to find how many are yet spared to us); among which are Roman baths, and other remains, views in the Charterhouse, the Palace at Lambeth, the churches of St. Bartholomew and St. Sepulchre, and various others. Wherever there was any thing to be found which would throw light on Early Ecclesiastical Architecture, or that was curious from its singularity, or beautiful in its form, Mr. Archer has discovered it. The points of view whence the sketches have been taken are most judiciously selected, the effects are skilfully thrown in, and the colour everywhere exquisite, nor is there a single chance accessory introduced that is not in keeping with the subject, and does not heighten the sentiment the main object inspires.

It were needless to insist on the importance of a series of faithful and superior drawings such as the one we now allude to. But though this is so obvious, and the collection in every sense so perfect, we grieve and blush to say, that when offered to the authorities at the British Museum, they declined the purchase. Now, had the drawings been frivolous or ill-selected, had they been ill-executed, or had a preposterous price been affixed to them by the artist, this would have been well, and the grounds for rejection would be valid; but so far from such being the case, the fact is directly reverse: the subjects were all of the highest value in the eyes of antiquaries: the merit of the drawings was such as to command the unqualified admiration of the several judges who examined them, and the sum required for the whole by the artist (with whom they had been a congenial labour, which he hoped to see preserved to the country) was lower, we believe, than would have afforded him as remuneration a poor half-guinea a day. We forbear naming the party with whom the fault lay, but we protest against his conduct on this occasion, for ignorant of the value of these drawings he was not. Through his wilfulness, the public has lost a collection that would have been invaluable—since the Roman and Norman remains we have left are fast crumbling away—and should have been secured for our benefit and that of posterity. We know not what are the regulations regarding the purchase of works of art for the British Museum, but one thing is clear, which is, that it should be a rule whenever a man of known talent and established reputation offers a work for sale, it should not be in the power of a single official, whom indolence may incapacitate or prejudice unfit for the proper discharge of his duty, to dismiss peremptorily, by his simple dictum, all probability of a purchase; but we would wish to see a committee of taste, numbering five at least, to whom such offers should be preferred, and on whose decisions we have no doubt both artists and the public would have reason for congratulation.

In conclusion, we are happy to add that this valuable portfolio of drawings, immediately it became known that it was open for sale, was secured by a gentleman equally well known for his love of antiquities, and for the learning which he brings to bear on the investigation of them.

#### GOSSIP ON ART.

We are informed that the subscription list for the prints after Mr. Salter's picture of the Waterloo Banquet, amounts to 36,000*l*.

H. B. is engaged on a new and extensive work, not of caricatures. He is to give portraits, in his own peculiar style, of all the celebrated men of science, literature, art, and politics. A letter-press sketch will accompany each portrait.

We understand that the completion of the frescoes at the summer-house, in Buckingham-palace gardens, is entrusted to Mr. Grüner, a German, on a mission to this country to make large copies of Raffaele's Cartoons at Hampton Court. Mr. Grüner has sought the assistance of English artists, and we believe that Messrs. Severn and Townsend are affording him co-operation.

Mr. Watts, one of the Cartoon prizemen, of the first class, whose very artistic Cartoon of Caractacus deservedly made so great an impression, is studying fresco painting in Italy. He has recently received a commission from Lord Holland to adorn his villa with frescoes.

Thorwaldsen's tools have been sold at Rome, and one of his chisels brought nearly twenty-four pounds!

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

## THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A RECENT number contained a critical notice of the new comedy *Old Heads and Young Hearts* as a literary production. We must now add a few words on the manner of its performance.

The zeal with which Mr. WEBSTER adheres to his resolve that the stage of the Haymarket shall be dedicated only to the legitimate drama, and especially to comedy, deserves the hearty commendation of all who are conscious of the degradation to which it has been the ill-fortune of our age to see the so-called national theatres reduced through causes not yet satisfactorily ascertained. But commendation alone is not enough; praise will not fill the purse; a good manager must be supported as well as applauded; play-goers should give him the preference whenever they feel the slightest hesitation whither they shall bend their steps, and it should be the duty of the wealthy to patronize him by the purchase of season tickets or the taking of boxes, to each a trifling sacrifice, in the aggregate a reward as acceptable as it would be deserved, and which would have the effect of securing, in one locality at least, the permanence of the national drama, which may now be said rather to exist than to flourish.

And it will not fail for lack of artistic talent to support it. The Haymarket company is rich in all the ingredients for the genuine comedy. There is FARREN, the truest actor of his day; we doubt, indeed, if ever the stage has seen his superior. Mr. WEBSTER is himself a host. CHARLES MATHEWS is the easy gentleman, BUCKSTONE abounding in humour. Every character in the new comedy is cleverly sustained. Foremost of course is FARREN's *Jesse Rural*, a touch of genuine nature that comes home to every heart. Who does not love the well-meaning old man even when he is unconsciously doing the utmost mischief? Who can refrain from tears at the burst of real agony when he discovers his mistake? Then there is WEBSTER's *Tom Coke*, a subdued, manly performance, never overacted, always telling, and deservedly greeted with a round of applause when he has concluded the fine scene in the last act. CHARLES MATHEWS is the very personification of the briefless barrister in *Littleton Coke*, and is admirably seconded by his sagacious clerk *Bob*, in the person of Mr. BUCKSTONE. Madame VESTRIS is quite young and charming as the lively anti-conventionality widow, *Lady Alice Hawthorn*; and Mrs. CLIFFORD, as the *Countess of Pompton*, is the personification of fine-ladyism. The play is put upon the stage with excellent taste in its decorations. The Christmas piece that follows is wittily written, and contains some palpable hits at the follies of the day. In scenery, machinery, dresses, &c. it is magnificent. Our country readers coming to town should not fail to visit the Haymarket. They will certainly spend a more pleasant evening there than at any other theatre in the metropolis.

## ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

WE have rarely seen any object in the extensive museum of this institution more ingenious, or of more immediate importance to a very large class of our fellow-creatures, than the model of a bedstead or couch invented by a physician, and for which Mr. Henry Pratt, of Bond-street, holds the patent. This improvement of bedsteads for invalids consists in a peculiar construction of parts of a bedstead, and of a frame to accompany the same, by means of which the bed and mattress may be withdrawn from under the patient and replaced after adjusting, cleaning, and airing, without disturbing the limbs or altering the posture of the body. These objects are effected by making the bedstead distinct from an outer framing, to the latter of which a sheet is attached and distended over the side-rails, for the purpose of occasionally supporting the patient independently of the bed or mattress. This may be done by raising that part of the outer frame to which the distended sheet is attached, or by lowering the bedstead on which the bed or mattress bears, so as to leave the patient supported by the distended sheet whilst the bedstead, with the bed, &c. is withdrawn. When it is required to make the bed without disturbing the invalid, a winch is applied at head and foot, by turning which, the side-rails will be drawn up or lowered with the distended sheet supporting the patient. This being done,

the bedstead may be drawn out and adjusted and replaced again, while the sheet, bearing the patient, may be again lowered so as to rest upon the bed, &c.; and by this simple contrivance the whole is then released from the side-rails and withdrawn from under the invalid, who is by these means transferred to a clean sheet, and upon the fresh-made bed. This confers a great boon on the sufferer, and is likely to supersede all previous inventions.

A large party of gentlemen, friends and pupils of Dr. RYAN, chemical lecturer at the Polytechnic Institution, dined together on Thursday last at the Queen's Arms, Newgate-street, for the purpose of presenting to the learned gentleman a splendid gold watch and appendages of 100 guineas value. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Dr. RYAN, by his friends and pupils, in testimony of his scientific attainments." The chairman was J. FAOST, Esq. and vice-chairman, HENRY AULT, Esq. of Gloucester House, Essex.

GLEANINGS,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

## EMBLEMATICAL PROPERTIES OF THE WEDDING RING.

"Emblem of happiness, not bought nor sold,  
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.  
Love in the small but perfect circle trace,  
And duty in its soft though strict embrace.  
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife;  
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.  
Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,  
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;  
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze,  
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,  
That hides with glare the anguish of a heart  
By nature hard, though polish'd bright by art.  
More to thy taste the ornament that shows  
Domestic bliss, and, without glaring, glows.  
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind  
To all correct, to one discreetly kind.  
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,  
The only amulet to keep from harm;  
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,  
Take this dear pledge—it makes and keeps thee mine."

DEATH AT 108 YEARS OF AGE.—Died on Monday last, at the patriarchal age of 108, Mr. Morris Thurston, of Guineastreet, Exeter. The deceased, up to the last seven weeks, enjoyed excellent health and spirits. He lived for upwards of 60 years in the house in which he died, and never till lately allowed any one to go into it. He was a herbal doctor, and as such travelled through Devon, working marvellous cures. He followed his vocation, till within the last two months, and such was his repute, that people applied to him for advice, and received his nostrums whilst on his death bed. He was an alchemist, and an adept in astrology; and it seemed as if these ancient delusions lingered with him alone.—*Exeter Times*.

## CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

NEW PIANOFORTE.—An addition has been made to the powers of the piano-forte, of such magnitude, that it is equivalent to the invention of a new instrument. It consists of a piece of mechanism, of a nature so simple and compact that it can be added, with the greatest ease, to any pianoforte already constructed, without in the slightest degree interfering with the machinery of the instrument. This additional mechanism (which Mr. Coleman, the inventor, has called "The Æolian attachment") is upon the principle of the *seraphine*, producing the beautiful prolonged tones of that instrument; but the peculiarity of Mr. Coleman's invention is, that these tones can be produced along with the ordinary tones of the pianoforte. The performer can, at pleasure, produce the sounds of the pianoforte only, or he can combine these with the pure Æolian tones of the new mechanism. A few days ago we heard Mr. Benedict perform upon this instrument, and this able musician drew from it a variety of effects of the most novel and beautiful kind. A person listening in an adjoining room would suppose that he heard a piece of brilliant pianoforte music, accompanied by three or four exquisite performers on wind instruments. So rich and various are the resources afforded by this most ingenious invention, that (as we heard Mr. Benedict observe) it will give rise to a new style of pianoforte composition.

LUGGAGE LABELS.—An ingenious method of labelling boxes and packages to be conveyed by luggage trains on railways, or

by steam-boats, has just been made public. The passenger to whom the boxes, &c. belong, at the station or booking-office, or of any of the shops where they are sold, a packet of labels printed with blank spaces for the names, &c. and number of packages, to be filled up with pen and ink; the outward wrapper of each packet is absorbent, so that the ink is prevented from being blotted, and the paper on which the labels are printed is made adhesive in the same manner as post-office stamps. Thus in the space of two minutes half-a-dozen labels may be prepared and stuck upon the packages, and mistakes and confusion avoided. The invention is a prevention to losses, and deserves patronage.

### JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

### SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF MESMERISM.

THIS Society held its first meeting on Saturday, the 18th instant.

The proceedings were limited to framing the Rules and Regulations, and the following were unanimously agreed to:—

1. That the society consist of not more than forty members resident in Town, and of an unlimited number of country members.
2. Members to be proposed and seconded at one meeting, and balloted for at the ensuing meeting: three black balls to exclude.
3. No person making a profit of Mesmerism to be eligible.
4. The society to be strictly private; the names of the members not to be published, or to appear publicly in any of the proceedings.
5. The society to meet fortnightly on Saturday evenings, at the houses or chambers of the town members in rotation. But if it be inconvenient to any member to receive the society at his own house, he shall be at liberty to entertain them elsewhere, or to pay the cost of providing such entertainment by the secretary.
6. The entertainment to be strictly limited to tea and coffee. The society to meet at eight and to separate not later than twelve o'clock.
7. No subscription to be required from town members. Each country member to subscribe *half-a-guinea* a year, in lieu of entertaining the society. Any casual expenses to be met by temporary subscriptions.
8. The gentleman entertaining the society to be president for the evening.
9. A member desirous of introducing a friend may do so upon giving to the member at whose house the meeting is to be held a notice thereof not later than one day before the meeting, and after such notice he may bring with him one friend, provided that he receives no reply to the contrary.
10. A record of the proceedings of the society, and especially of all experiments, to be carefully preserved.
11. The session to extend from the 1st of November to the 1st of August in every year.

All communications to be addressed to the SECRETARY of the Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism, care of Mr. CROCKFORD, CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

A Secretary and Treasurer were appointed. It was agreed that the earliest labours of the society shall be to prepare a formula for the guidance of observers throughout the country; so that facts may be systematically recorded, and attention fixed upon the points that particularly require investigation.

It was further agreed unanimously that the society should commence its investigations by assuming nothing as proved or known in relation to Mesmerism, or that it is true in any particular. It was deemed to be the only safe and philosophical course to require every thing to be strictly proved before it shall be accepted as established. At the next meeting, which takes place this day, some patients will be introduced.

Letters from various parts of the country, detailing cases, approving the objects of the society, and applying to join it, were laid before the meeting.

### MISS MARTINEAU'S PATIENT.

WE have received the following further very interesting particulars of the remarkable cures of her attendant J. narrated by Miss MARTINEAU in her letters, to which this is intended to be an Appendix:—

"Since these Letters were written, phenomena have presented themselves which leave no more possible doubt in the minds of witnesses of the truth of Phrenology than of that of Mesmerism. As I wish to leave to the Letters their original character of first impressions, I insert here the observations which are necessary, in order to be just to Phrenology: and I shall give no more than are necessary to this object, because I wish to reserve for study the bulk of the new appearances which have presented themselves.

"By degrees, as her Mesmerist became more experienced, J. manifested the passions and emotions, and expressed the kinds of ideas excited by touching the best-ascertained organs of the brain. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than her countenance and gestures when Veneration, Benevolence, Ideality, and Hope are made active; nor more ludicrous than Destructiveness in so mild and affectionate a personage; nor more disagreeable than her descent from her higher moods, when Self-esteem and Love of Approbation are excited, and made to take the direction of care for her dress and appearance. But these appearances cannot be conveyed by description or assertion. I will give facts.

"On Saturday evening, Dec. 22nd, when she was deep in the trance, and, therefore, abundant in manifestations, a lady present took a sudden fancy to speak to her in French, when she instantly, and, as it were, mechanically, repeated in English what was said. This startled all present (four persons), for we knew that this girl had never been taught any language. The experiment was repeated again and again, and always with the same result. The finger of the Mesmerist was then on Imitation. When it was shifted to Language, J. did not repeat what was said, but replied to it. The lady and a physician present then spoke repeatedly in Italian, and with the same results, according as the one or the other organ was touched; and then Dr. — spoke to her in German, still with the same result.

"The whole party did at first look aghast. When we came to reflect, however, how often she had replied to our thoughts, without the intervention of any language whatever, it seemed no more wonderful that she should read off our minds through languages which were unknown to her. It is indeed clear that, provided the ideas conveyed are within her scope, it matters nothing in what language they are uttered. She has only once since been deep enough for a repetition of this striking act, and that was on the next Friday, when she again replied to questions in French and German, put to her by a lady and gentleman present.

"One evening her Mesmerist touched at once Caution and Language, to see which would prevail—whether she would be silent or yield to the enforcement to speak. The struggle was obvious; and it ended curiously. She put up her own hand to Firmness; and by this reinforcement of Caution was enabled to keep silence.

"When very deep, and active accordingly, and left alone to do what she likes, her predominant affections and emotions are of the purest kind, and most beautifully manifested, so as to inspire feelings of reverence in all who see her. Her attachment to her Mesmerist, and to a lady who is a patient of this kind Mesmerist, is strong, and, as freed from all conventional restraints of expression, extremely interesting. One evening lately, when very happy, she drew near to these two ladies, put her arms about them, laid her head on their shoulders, and said, with a voice and countenance of affection and joy never to be forgotten, "We are one,"—and the ladies felt that the honour rested with them.

"While Mrs. — was being mesmerised, late one evening, when J. was deep and happy in the trance, and leaning near, to catch what she could of the influence, the other patient tranquilly observed, (with eyes closed as fast as J.'s), 'How beautiful that is!'

"'What is beautiful?' asked the Mesmerist.

"'The bright light streaming from all your fingers.'

"'O!' said J., 'do you only now see that? I have been watching it all this while.'

"I had often read and heard of 'the fluid being seen' by somnambules. Mrs. — was not asleep, and this was the first occasion on which J. had spoken of the appearance.

"I may now qualify what I said in the letters of J. being unable to tell any thing concerning any stranger. As her powers improve, she becomes able—on rare occasions, which can never be anticipated—to discern, bit by bit, the disease of a person she never heard of, whose hair, sent under proper conditions, is silently put into her hands. This exercise appears to absorb her attention and interest more than any other. She renews the effort, time after time, sees more and more, and in one case



appears to have penetrated the matter completely, declaring spontaneously, that the lady (whom she could never have heard of, and who is a stranger to us) was nearly blind, and must be treated in such and such a manner.

"The scientific gentlemen who have watched this case, are most interested by the experiments with metals, as the most exact and nearly invariable. We have a persuasion that this is the avenue through which lies the most safe and direct path to a true theory of Mesmerism. We are in possession of a good many facts under this head; but it is better to reserve them. I will only give the remark of a gentleman on the invariable spectacle of a somnambule throwing away steel, however firmly grasped before, the moment it is touched with gold,—and usually with complaints of being burnt. This gentleman observed how many conditions are requisite to a fair trial of mesmeric experiments, and how careless novices are of them,—pointing out how the shrinking of the muscles of entranced patients under surgical operations may happen, in consistency with their unconsciousness of the pain,—the instruments being all made of steel, and the operator having probably a gold ring on his finger, of whose agency in the experiment he never thinks.

"The very preparation for philosophical experimenting is hardly begun, except among an exceedingly small number of trained observers.

"Tynemouth, Jan. 4, 1845."

BATH.—(from a Correspondent).—Knowing that the best method of facilitating inquiries into the mysteries of Mesmerism is to furnish to each other a statement of such facts as may have come within the scope of our individual experience, and THE CRITIC having a space set apart specially for the recording of the phenomena of Mesmerism, I beg to hand you the accompanying detail of experiments recently made by myself and brother.

Mary Ann Parsons, aged twenty-four, and residing at Combe Down, near Bath, has been afflicted from her early youth with deafness. Her mother having the care of one of my brother's children, and having on one occasion been relieved of rheumatic pains by us, she sent her daughter to our house at Bath with the view of being mesmerised for her deafness. She was soon sent into the mesmeric trance, and being lucid at the time, she prescribed the process to be resorted to for her recovery; she requested us to breathe in each ear a certain number of times, telling us when to leave off. We have purposely, in her case, refrained from exciting the phrenological organs, being anxious to direct our entire attention to her malady. Within the last month we have mesmerised her about fifteen or sixteen times, and deafness is entirely removed. She goes off surprisingly quick, a single pass being quite sufficient to send her into the deepest mesmeric coma, and this pass is equally effectual, whether made before, behind her, or whilst she is in another apartment, and in ignorance of its being made. We have mesmerised her while she has been in the kitchen, and we have been in the parlour above; on one occasion we did this whilst she was tying on her bonnet, and at another whilst she was hemming a handkerchief, which nevertheless she completed whilst in her sleep, and with a bandage over her eyes. We awoke her with the same readiness by a reverse pass, and can mesmerise and de-mesmerise her almost as fast as we can move our hands up and down.

Thomas Smith, of Union-passage, Bath, is a lad about fourteen years of age; his father is a tradesman residing there; we mesmerise him in less than half a minute; he exhibits all the cataleptic and phrenological phenomena, and is clairvoyant; he will play cards with the greatest accuracy when mesmerised, with his eyes perfectly bandaged.

Ann Vaughan, a native of Abergavenny, now residing with Miss Miller, milliner, St. Andrew's-terrace, Bath, burst a blood vessel in the chest last summer, and down to the period of her being mesmerised has been unable, from severe pain, to do any thing. At the time my brother was requested to see her; she was very unwell from the above cause, added to a severe cough. She was mesmerised in about three minutes, her arms were cataleptic, and when Mirthfulness was touched she laughed heartily, but on Veneration being excited, she talked of "her dear mother" and about a chapel. Other organs were excited with equally satisfactory results. On my brother's attention being directed to her malady he made some appropriate passes and woke her up, when she declared that her chest was quite well, and that she felt as though she had never injured it. This improvement has been permanent. On subsequent occasions she has had her eyes bandaged, and she has played at "all fours" with perfect correctness. She is exceedingly clairvoyant. Trusting that the above facts may prove of interest to your readers, I remain yours, &c.

T. W. S.

PLYMOUTH.—(From a Correspondent).—I fully agree with the general spirit of your observations upon Miss Martineau's case. Her conduct in the publication of her narrative is beyond

all praise, and is doing much to develop and extend the practice of Mesmerism. With respect to the clairvoyant case, I am inclined to differ from your view, and will relate a case occurring with a patient of my own, which, though inferior in interest to that of J. seems to indicate a power beyond that of mere exaltation of the sense of hearing, or any of our ordinary senses, and can only be explained by the ordinary meaning attached to the word clairvoyance as employed in connection with Mesmerism.

Miss Yelland, a young lady aged about 30, was mesmerized by myself for a severe habitual headache. She passed immediately under the influence, and exhibited most of the ordinary phenomena of somnambulism, insensibility to pain, community of taste, attraction, &c. but none of the phrenological developments. The first manifestation of the faculty of clairvoyance occurred quite accidentally. She had been sitting one evening for a considerable time in the mesmeric sleep, when a knock was heard at the house door. The door of the parlour in which we were sitting was shut, and a long passage intervened between the parlour and the house door, which was closed also. "Miss Y. can you tell us who is at the door?" "A gentleman, Sir." "Who is it?" "I don't know, Sir." "What sort of a gentleman?" "Rather short and dark, Sir." In about the time that it required to ask and answer these questions, the house door had been opened, and a gentleman (an entire stranger to the patient) was shown into the parlour, exactly answering the description given. A few minutes afterwards there was another knock at the door, "Who's there now, Miss Y.?" "A gentleman, sir." "What sort of person?" "He's taller than the last, sir—six inches taller." "Is he dark or fair?" "He's rather dark." A brother of the former gentleman was shown in, just about six inches taller, and of rather a dark complexion. A short time afterwards the house door was heard to slam, and on being asked if any one was there, Miss Y. said that "it was only Ann gone out for something." No one else in the room had heard any footsteps to indicate that a person had left the house. On sending to inquire we found that one of the servants (not, however, Ann) had gone out on an errand. About a quarter of an hour afterwards a knock was again heard at the door, and on inquiry of our somnambule, she said, "Oh! it is Hannah come back." This time she was right in the name, though no intimation had been conveyed to her that she was wrong before. On other occasions the clairvoyant faculty was most conclusively displayed, but it was fitful; and frequently no manifestations could be induced. To my own mind, a simple phenomenon of this kind is very convincing; it may not be so wonderful in its results as the power which can travel to places many miles distant, and describe persons and things far away; but in reality the power is as much beyond the ordinary course of nature which can penetrate closed doors as that which can traverse a kingdom, or even the universe, and the apparent insignificance of the result is a great security against the probability of description. This young lady's headaches were entirely removed by Mesmerism, and her general health much improved.

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THERE are evident symptoms of the return of the season. Publishers are busy, and during the last fortnight many books have made their appearance, heralds of the coming harvest. As yet there has been little to excite interest in the literary world, no work great in performance, or interesting for its promise, having startled the dullness of winter, save Miss JEWSEY's novel, noticed at length in the present number of THE CRITIC.

It will be observed by our readers that the Lists of New Books have been printed in smaller type, and that other improvements have been adopted, by which a considerable addition has been made to the quantity of reading matter in THE CRITIC; but even this is not sufficient for the requirements of publication, for we cannot withal keep pace with the throng of new books, and many that have been received necessarily stand over for review at a season of more leisure. We shall be loath to abbreviate our reviews, but we fear that we shall be compelled to do so, or altogether to exclude many volumes from notice. Our rule is to postpone the more enduring works, and dismiss those which cannot afford to wait. A really good book will lose nothing by delay, and we are enabled to compensate for it by the opportunity it affords for a more deliberate judgment.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**THEOLOGICAL WORKS.**—The sale of the first portion of the stock of the late eminent bookseller, Mr. John Bohn, of Henrietta-street, commenced on Wednesday, at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Co. The selection contains no less than 5813 lots, of Theology, whilst the other portions amounted to about 30,000 lots. The late Mr. Bohn was intimately known to most of the literary men of his day, and there are few persons who possess a fondness for books but will recollect the richly stored warehouses in Henrietta-street with much pleasurable feeling. The buyers in the day's sale were chiefly booksellers, though we saw several private collectors in the room. Of the more interesting lots we noticed 72. Junius' Gothic Gospels, on large paper, with MS notes of Junius, 1665. 4to. Bought by Mr. James Bohn for 3l. 4s.—212. Acta Sanctorum. A complete copy of the original edition by John Bollandus, and others. 54 vols. folio. 1643-1794. Produced the same price exactly as the late Dr. Southey's copy, 115l. and was bought by Mr. Rodd.—212. The Venetian reprint of a portion of the above, in 43 vols. folio. 35l. 10s.—243. The celebrated Collection of Works on Biblical and Classical Antiquities, by Ugolini, Grævius and Gronovius, and others, in 114 folio volumes, full of plates, 70l. Knocked down to Mr. Leslie.

**FRENCH LITERATURE.**—A Paris paper states that their press had produced within the last year as many as 6377 works in the dead and living languages, 1388 prints and engravings, 100 musical works, 54 maps and charts: whilst the copies of newspapers struck off amounted in number to 34,750,000.

Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the author of the new novel called 'Zoe,' is the sister of the lady of the same name, well known for her poetry, who some few years since married a clergyman, and died of the cholera in India.

We understand the recent actions brought by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle street, against Chidley and Daly, for piratically printing certain works, the acknowledged copyrights of this Jacob Tonson of the west, have induced other booksellers engaged in the same illegal traffic to confess to similar piracies, and to make every requisite submission and restitution, without going to law on the subject. The works pirated were Lord Byron's 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' and Mrs. Randell's well-known 'Domestic Cookery.' The latter was brought out in a form and covering in imitation of Mr. Murray's publication.

Apocryph of Mr. Naylor's new metrical version of 'Reynard the Fox,' which is becoming very popular, and on which we shall have a few words to say hereafter, it may be stated that one of the four copies known to be existing of the first English edition of the renowned 'Reynard,' printed by Caxton in the Almonry at Westminster, was recently sold by Mr. Pickering for 150 guineas. It was little more than a black letter pamphlet of 150 pages. The other copies of this, one of the earliest-printed English books, are in the libraries of the British Museum, of Mr. Greaville, and, we believe, Earl Spencer.

The pamphlet entitled 'India and Lord Ellenborough,' is attributed to the able pen of Mr. Thomas Love Peacock—the 'Examiner of India Correspondence' to the Directors; and the 'Reply,' by Zeta, is the reported production of the Hon. C. E. Law, M.P. recorder of London, and brother of Lord Ellenborough.

The *Athenæum* of Saturday gives the particulars of a most wonderful discovery for making an almost instantaneous fac-simile of any engraving or printed page. In 1841, a fac-simile was made of four pages of the *Athenæum* at Berlin so perfect that it could not be detected from the original. "We now learn that the discoverer was M. Baldermus, now of Berlin, and that the process has been communicated to Mr. Woods, of Bargeyard Chambers, Bucklersbury. The original to be copied is prepared by peculiar chemical means, and pressed in tight contact with metallic plates, whereby a reversed fac-simile is obtained; and after the metallic plates have been prepared by a second process (which prevents the adherence of ink on the blank spaces), the impression is inked up with rollers, and printed from in the usual manner of surface printing. Eventually, the proprietors are sanguine of being able to print from cylindrical surfaces, and consequently produce an unlimited number in a short time. Both sides of a newspaper can be transferred simultaneously on contiguous cylinders. Nothing can exceed the ease, elegance, and rapidity of the whole operation. The specimen worked off for us, a page of *L'Illustration, Journal Universel*, was produced in less than a quarter of an hour from the first preparation. In fact, allowing seven or eight minutes for the absorption of a diluted acid, the thing is done as quickly as two sheets of paper can be successfully placed on a plate of zinc, passed under the roller, and again withdrawn." The original and the fac-simile may be seen at the *Athenæum* office.

Mrs. Shelley is busily engaged in writing the life of her father, the celebrated William Godwin. It has long been expected, but family matters prevented its appearance. These obstacles now no longer exist.

Leigh Hunt is just completing a work, the idea of which is admirable. It is to be the story of Dante's magnificent epic, told in prose, with some of the finest passages quoted in the foot notes. A life and critical account of Dante will precede the story. A better introduction to the study of the poet, or a pleasanter reminiscence of him cannot be conceived.

Sir Bulwer Lytton having relinquished novel writing, for the present at least, is engaged in finishing his work on 'Athens: its Rise and Fall.' Two forthcoming volumes will complete the work; and are stated to be principally devoted to the manners and customs of the Athenians, and to their literature. Mr. Grote late M.P. for London, is also just on the eve of completing his 'History of Greece;' a work on which he has been employed very many years, and which his exhaustive erudition will, doubtless, render valuable.

Miss Martineau has declined several pressing invitations to visit the metropolis during the coming season.

Dr. Arnot is preparing a sixth edition of his valuable 'Elements of Physics;' and the long-promised treatise on Astronomy, which is to conclude the second volume, will then be printed. It is, perhaps, the only work of the kind that has attained a high character, and kept it.

## BOOKS RECEIVED,

From Jan. 12 to Jan. 27.

## NEW BOOKS.

*An Apology for the Greek Church.* By EDWARD MASSON.  
*The Cottager's Sabbath, and other Poems.* By JOHN HURREY.  
*Poems.* By the Hon. JULIA A. MAYNARD.  
*Isaford, and other Poems.* By GEORGE MURRAY.  
*The Book of the Bastiles.* By G. R. W. BAXTER.  
*The Last Rose of Summer. Poems.* By ROSE ELLEN H.  
*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces: or, the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of T. S. Seiberkiss.* By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.  
Translated by E. H. NOEL. 2 vols.  
*The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.* By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. 2 vols.  
*Outlines of Man's True Interest.* By the Rev. T. C. BOONE.  
*Zoe; The History of Two Lives.* By GERALDINE ENDOR JEWSEBURY. In 3 vols.  
*The Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names.* By T. S. CARR.  
*Laus and Ballads from English History; Literary Extracts from English and other Works.* By JNO. POYNTER. 2 vols.

## NEW EDITIONS.

*Lingard's History of England.* Vols. I. to VIII. 12mo. Edition.  
*The Model Book.* By J. FOURRIER.

## PAMPHLETS.

*A Critical Examination of Sir James Graham's Bill.* By JOHN FORBES, M.D.

## PERIODICALS.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for January.*  
*Horticultural Magazine for January.*  
*New Quarterly Review, No. IX. for January.*

## MUSIC.

*Standard Edition of Handel's Works. Deborah, arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte.* By G. G. PERRY.  
*Thirty Chants, arranged on Score.*

## BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Penny Cyclopædia. Vol. XVII. to end.  
Adolphus and Ellis's Reports, in volumes or numbers.  
Statutes at Large, from 51 Geo. 3. inclusive, to the present time.  
Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. II.  
Byron's Poetical Works.  
Meeson and Welsby's Reports, in volumes or numbers.  
Crompton and Jervis's Reports, ditto.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

[The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is 5s. each.]

## DEATHS.

COUPER, Margaret, daughter of the late Dr. James Couper, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, on the 8th inst. at Albert-terrace, Garnethill, Glasgow.

TEGG, Henry, fourth son of Mr. Tegg, bookseller, Cheapside, on the 8th Nov. last, at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot undertake to return manuscripts. Correspondents should keep copies.

A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the numbers of the current volume of THE CRITIC may be had at the office or by order of any bookseller, price 5s.

In reply to some applications we beg to say that there are a few copies on hand of the first volume of THE CRITIC, containing many interesting articles and some curious cases. We have determined to supply to our subscribers the numbers comprising this volume for 5s. 6d. only, or neatly bound for 7s. 6d. They may be had by order of any bookseller in the country.